

NEWS STAND EDITION

# Collier's

The National Weekly



VOL XXXVIII NO 11

DECEMBER 8 1906

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# REO 1907



**REO 1907 Touring-car, \$1250**

18-20 horse power, 34 inch wheel base. Five passengers. Detachable tonneau. Two speeds and reverse. REO disc clutch. 40 miles an hour. Full lamp equipment. \$1250 f. o. b. Lansing.

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**Fourth.** Brake reliability demonstrated in

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**Fifth.** Vibration test won at the Open Air Show by carrying a pail of water brimming full, on the tonneau floor for 200 yards from a standing start, spilling but 1/2 of an inch on the way.

**Sixth.** Motor endurance—demonstrated by the 100 hour non-stop test made in Chicago.

**Seventh.** Motor endurance—demonstrated by the 300 hour non-stop test made in Detroit.

**Eighth.** Motor endurance—demonstrated by the 100 hour non-stop test made in Cincinnati.

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## CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

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## 1907

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Department R, The Crowell Publishing Co., Madison Square, N. Y.





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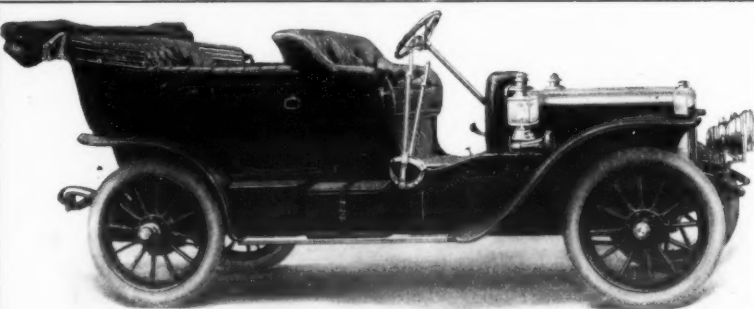
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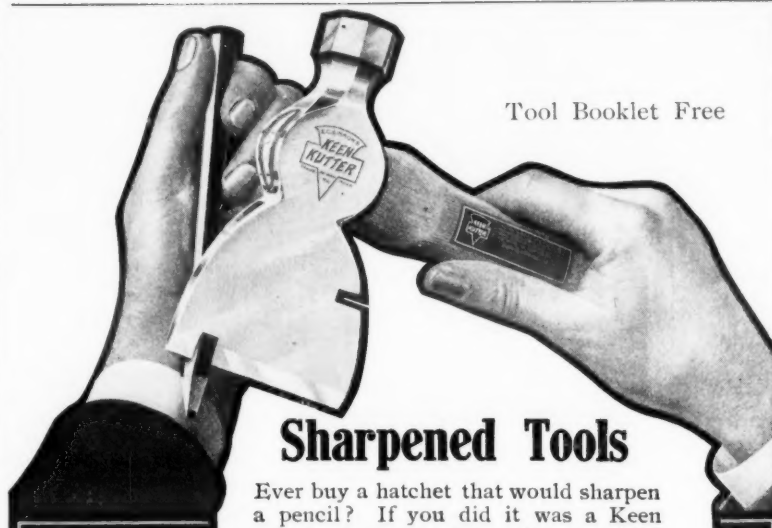
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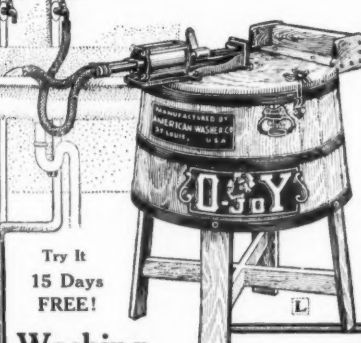


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# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1906

COVER DESIGN . . . . . Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark

THE TRAGEDY OF THE TREES. Full Page in Color . . . . . Frederic Remington 10  
II. Snaking Logs to the Skidway

EDITORIALS . . . . . 11

THE OPENING OF CONGRESS . . . . . Cartoon by E. W. Kemble 13

THE MAN AND THE MACHINE. Photograph . . . . . 14

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING. Illustrated with Photographs . . . . . 15

THE PRESIDENT SEES THE CANAL. Illustrated with Photographs Frederick Palmer 18

FULTON OF OREGON. Illustrated with Portraits and a Document . . . . . 20

PLAYS OF THE MONTH . . . . . Arthur Ruhl 22  
Illustrated with a Sketch by Arthur William Brown

DEVELOPING THE AEROPLANE. Photographs . . . . . 23

FORSAKEN MOUNTAIN. Story . . . . . Samuel Hopkins Adams 24  
Illustrated by George Wright


THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE . . . . . 30

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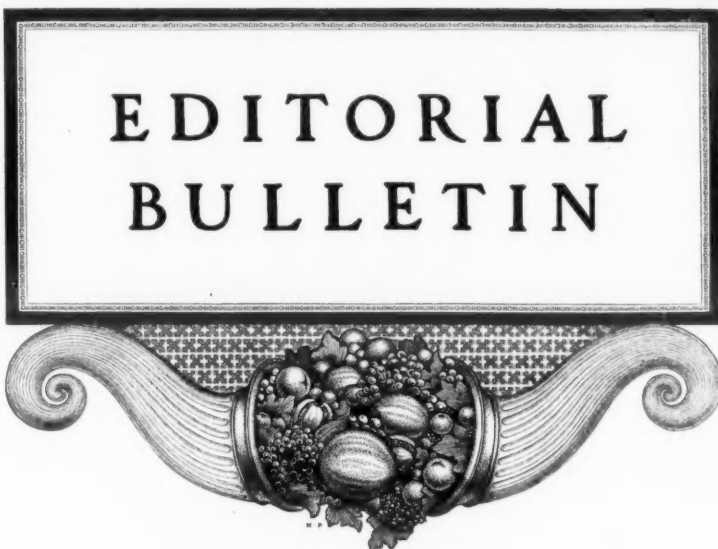
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1906

## Collier's Christmas Number

THE next number of Collier's will be, in its art features alone, the most earnest attempt at seasonal interpretation ever made in America. And we feel like expressing the judgment that this number will be, in picture, verse, and story, an unexcelled expression of the Christmas spirit.

The cover, in colors, has been designed by Miss Jessie Willcox Smith. This cover makes opportunity for Miss Smith's happy and alluring effectiveness in picturing children and childish expression; and it embodies as well the spirit of Santa Claus and the children's side of the holiday.

Of Maxfield Parrish's frontispiece, too, childhood and Christmas are the dominant notes. It pictures beautifully a Christmas morning episode. Some other features of the Christmas Number will be the following:

"The Christmas Ghost Story," a double-page picture by W. T. Smedley.

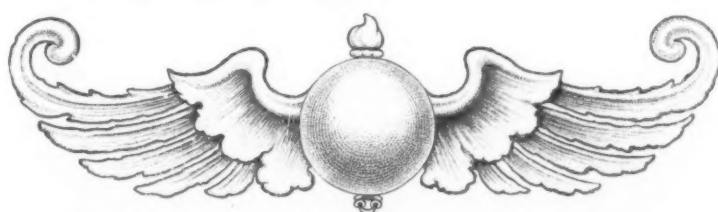
"The Spirit of Christianity," a full-page picture by Albert Sterner.

A full page of cartoons by F. T. Richards. These will illustrate the passing in procession of 1906, its incidents, and its characters.

"Saint Nick and Old Nick," verse by Wallace Irwin. This Christmas poem will be illustrated by J. C. Leyendecker.

"The Ghosts of Senzeille," by Arthur Colton. A story of Christmas night in a medieval abbey. W. L. Glackens will furnish the illustrations.

"The Adventures of the Scarlet Car" is the title of Richard Harding Davis's story. It proves anew Mr. Davis's unique ability to put himself in the mental clothes of young women and young men of twenty-two and speak their thoughts in their tongue. In sparkle and vivacity of style Mr. Davis has always excelled, and this story of a stalled automobile, a lonely house, and an after-midnight hour shows him at his best. Those who read this story will be eager for the two which will follow it, dealing with the same set of characters.



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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1936

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# MR. DOOLEY

HIS WIT AND WISDOM

THREE VOLUMES OF  
RICH HUMOR



F. P. DUNNE

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## THE GARDEN MAGAZINE

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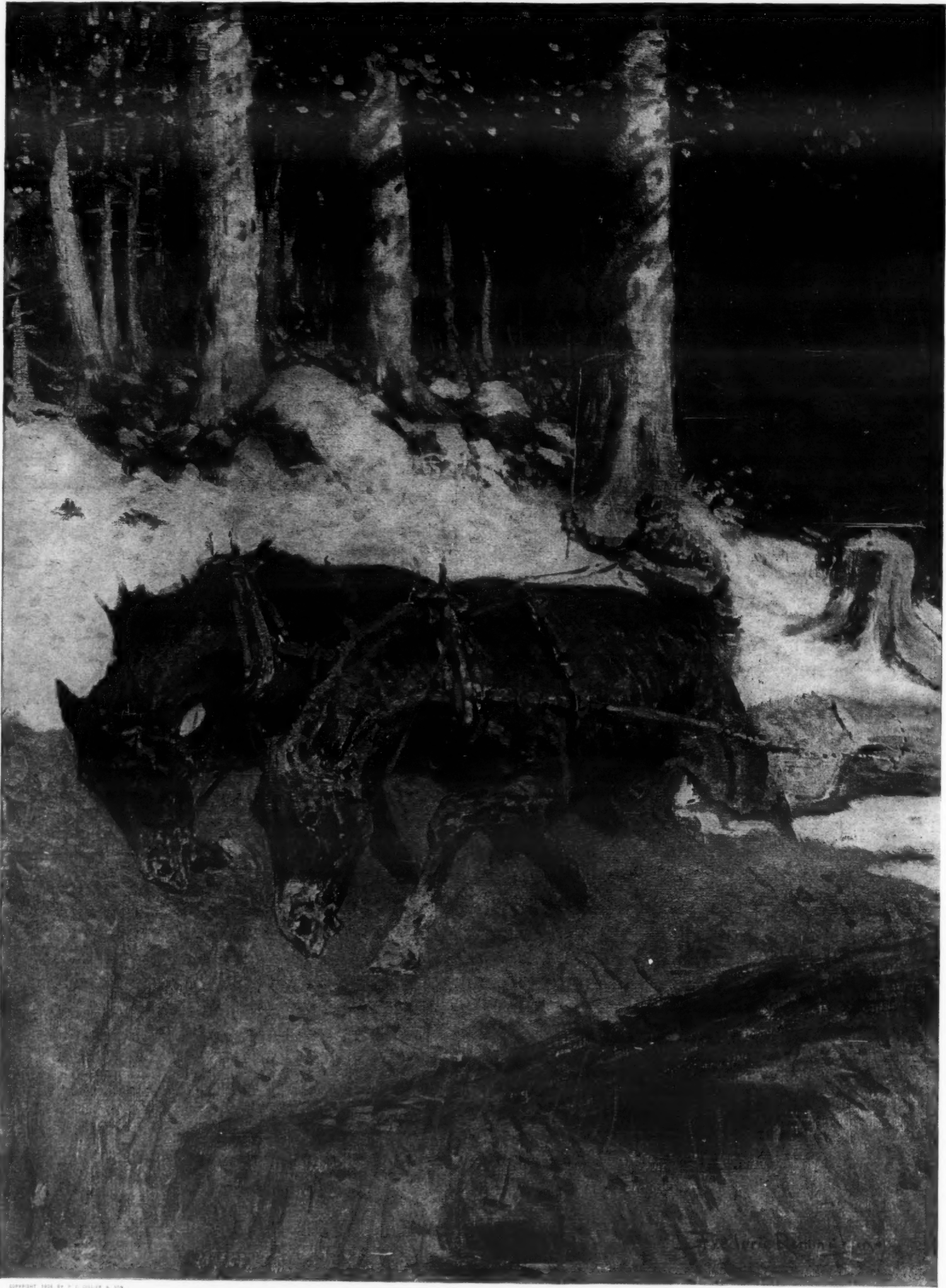
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## The Tragedy of the Trees



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### SNAKING LOGS TO THE SKIDWAY

PAINTED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

This is the second of the series of paintings by Mr. Remington presenting the epic of the forest—showing in pictures the story of man's conquest of the wooded wilderness. These drawings will depict the lumbermen at work in the various phases of the industry which constitutes the "tragedy of the trees"



# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

**M**UCH THOUGHT has been going on in this office. Many policy-holders of the Mutual and New York Life Insurance Companies have sought our counsel about how to cast their votes for the election of December 18, and we have spent weeks in busy and difficult reflection and research. It is not one of those cases in which evil is all on one side, while virtue shines triumphant on the other. On the one hand, we have the men, some merely recreant, and some corrupt, who shared or condoned the intricate burglary of these trust funds. Shall these men

#### DOUBT

be told that, as they have escaped the machinery of criminal punishment, so likewise they shall be whitewashed by the men whose hard-saved money has been stolen? Hardly. Yet, on the other side, as leaders, we find THOMAS LAWSON, frenzied gambler, and a man whom LAWSON described as one who "has either prosecuted, defended, or had an inquisitorial finger in every sword-swallowing, dissolving view, frenzied finance game that has been born or naturalized in Wall Street within a decade." Such is UNTERMYER, as seen by LAWSON, and is it any wonder that worry arises like a spectre when they are seen amorously in their financial bed; or when, to follow Mr. LAWSON's images, they make the bullets, pull the trigger, or swallow the swords together?

**T**HE NUMBER OF VOTES cast by the policy-holders of the New York Life and Mutual Insurance Companies will surpass the number cast for any President earlier than VAN BUREN. And the results may well be of greater actual import than the Presidential contest of 1908. After fullest consideration, our decision has been reached. Mr. UNTERMYER is not himself a candidate. His position is that of a financial boss, who, nevertheless, in selecting his candidates, has been compelled to remember that a peculiarly vigilant mood had been aroused. They are, in the main, men of character, who, if elected, will, we believe, cut themselves free from UNTERMYER as they would from any outside power, and will regard any suggestion from him as

#### DECISION

a little more dangerous, because more cunning, than from any other source in Wall Street. On the administration ticket proposed by the Mutual Company, of the thirty-six candidates twenty-four are at present on the board and fifteen date from the McCurdy régime. The company, and the powerful committees of the company, are to-day in the same hands as when the treasury was looted. In the New York Company, of the twenty-four trustees proposed by the administration only four are not now in the management; and the company's resistance to the public demand for house-cleaning approximates the Mutual's stubborn disregard of public opinion. Therefore, we say, vote against the administration. Vote for the United Committees' Ticket in the Mutual (remembering that the Selected Fusion Ticket is a trick). Vote for the International Committees' Ticket in the New York Life. Vote now.

**T**HE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE reaffirms his belief in taxes on incomes and inheritance. Although we do not approve of all of his methods of conducting this campaign of deep significance, we do share his views, and do believe that the world every day accepts more fully the principle of putting the public burdens in larger proportion on the prosperous. We can hardly be thankful, even at this season between Thanksgiving and Christmas, for the appointment of MOODY because he was known to favor an income tax, or for the pressure on Chief-Justice FULLER to retire and make way for one whose views are more in harmony with the

policy of the President, but we are glad to see the question kept alive and urged upon the national legislature. The scarecrow of Socialism fails to frighten us in this field. It is seldom wise for a court, unless driven to it absolutely by clearest proof that a statute conflicts with fundamental law, to set aside the wishes of the Legislature deliberately expressed. The dissenting opinion of Justice BROWN, when the Court upset the former income tax by five to four, is looked upon by a large number of first-class constitutional lawyers to-day as expressing a sounder view than was put forward by the majority.

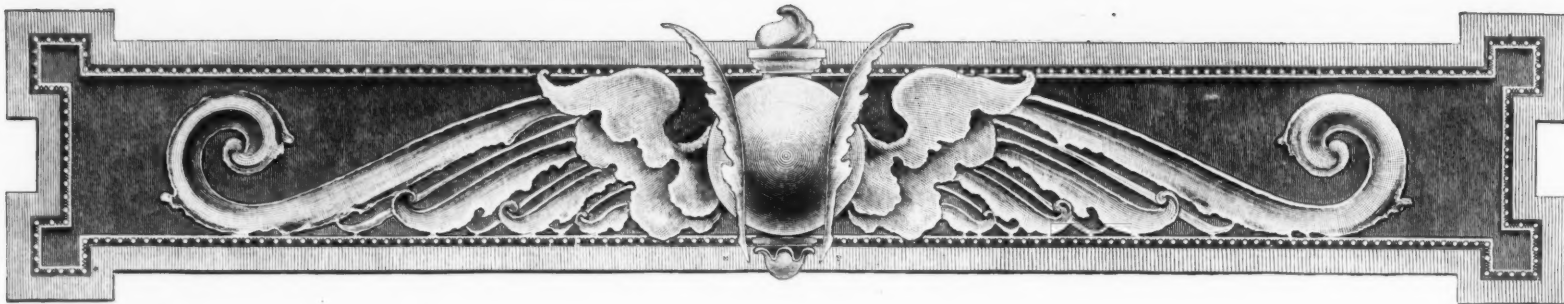
**W**HAT OF JUDGE DEUEL? The frequency with which this question is put to us is an encouraging demonstration that a few months are not always sufficient to exhaust the public memory. When, in the fulness of time, the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court hands down **MEMORY** its decision about whether Judge DEUEL's activity in selling scandal and hunting coons was consistent with his duties under the statute, the number of persons who will eagerly scan the opinion, to imbibe conceptions of judicial fitness, will be very large indeed.

**N**OT A SAFE MACHINE to fool with is solemnity unchained. Take a peep into the brain of a correspondent from the State of Georgia. He might have hailed from Vermont or Minnesota, or any other spot upon the map. He sees right through this weekly. Referring to pictures of Mr. ROOSEVELT, intended to be comic, in our issue of November 17, this penetrating cynic pounces deftly upon the words crown and king. A modern CASSIUS, he. List: "Allow me to say that yours is the first of all the rotten republican papers that have been so bold as to refer to the President as 'King.' I have no doubt that yourself and a lot of you would like to grab this government and make a King of ROOSEVELT; but you will never be able to carry it off." At the same time he knows where shrinks a genuine savior of society. "Your editorial asking Mr. HEARST why he should not reform himself is the limit. Why don't you reform yourself? You have the swollen head worse than any paper in the world and less to show for it. If you were fit to untie the shoes that HEARST wears, then you might feel like you were worthy of. You deliberately deceived the man who gave you the tobacco trust letters; you are one of the trust gang, and God hope you may along with the others like you get your full deserts." Ah, well. There are compensations. "A mad world, my masters."

#### HUMOR

**M**ANLINESS, VERACITY, loyal adherence to a cause once undertaken—these are qualities which sometimes mark a large and strong nature, even when its standards are inadequate or mistaken. RICHARD CROKER recently gave an interview which was startling in its straightforward and undoubting acceptance of political gratitude as a test of judicial fitness, but which also was like a gale of manliness in its contempt for hypocrisy and treacherous self-seeking. CROKER stood out, as QUAY did, among politicians of the old régime, because, sharing their unfortunate mistakes, he was greater than they in ability and character. When, in this last spontaneous outburst of his energetic nature, he describes HEARST's efforts to win his help, or COCKRAN's chameleon weakness, the reader feels, no matter how much he laments Croker politics, that RICHARD CROKER himself is at least a man, and he can understand how, when, after long absence, he returned to America to unseat JOHN SHEEHAN, the Democratic politicians

#### AT LEAST A MAN



of New York lay down before him as before a giant, just and impartial according to his lights, toward whom their emotions were those of trust and awe. Wickedness in plenty has been guilty of, but not of meanness or of fear.

**DO MORMONS** still practise polygamy? Not long ago we copied from an official Mormon organ a highly laudatory obituary of a venerable Mormon who stood high in the church, was "true to his testimony to the end," and left forty-five children, only five of whom are dead. It is to be assumed that this venerable father must have had several wives, and that they were more or less simultaneous. But on this point the church paper, in a biography otherwise complete and detailed, was silent. Again, JOSEPH F. SMITH, President of the Mormon Church, was arrested lately and fined three hundred dollars for practising polygamy, the incident being the result of the recent birth of President SMITH's forty-third child. And before that there came, not from Utah, but from Idaho, an odd account of the defeat of a law compelling the registration of all births, deaths, and marriages. The bill passed the House, but was defeated, after a sharp debate, by some Mormon Senators. They argued that the occasional cases of illegitimacy which occur in every community are purely personal matters, and that it is highly indelicate for the State to inquire about them. So charitable and high-minded an argument against a law for the registering of vital statistics was never put forward outside a Mormon State. Such a law would, of course, reveal polygamous marriages. The Mormon Church, in 1890, made peace with the Government by promising to abandon polygamy. Whether it has lived up to the promise is at this moment a political issue in several Western States outside of Utah. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is a growing organization, with a vigorous propaganda and zealous missionaries eagerly proselyting in every region of the world.

**CHILD LABOR** is destined to bring into the coming Congress an issue as close to the people, and as squarely moral, as meat inspection and pure food—and as potent in stimulating into motion the great engines of public opinion. Federal suppression of child labor is to be accomplished by the means on which the National Government has so often relied for power to legislate where its jurisdiction is uncertain. Senator BEVERIDGE has announced that he will introduce a bill prohibiting the railroads from carrying as freight any article upon which children of less than fourteen have labored.

**CHILD LABOR** This would, with practically perfect effectiveness, stop child labor in the cotton mills, in the coal mines, in the glass factories—everywhere. The twenty-first century student of the evolution of national legislation in the United States will marvel at the things that were done under the authority of the third paragraph of the eighth section of the first article of the Constitution: "The Congress shall have power . . . to regulate commerce . . . among the several States." Yet this provides about the only effective means for the public opinion of one region to master the will of another; and there is no more reason to doubt the constitutionality of this child labor measure than of the pure food and meat inspection bills.

**THE MORE WE KNOW** of the forces which mold the world the less possible it seems to predict an end of change. The rise and subsidence of continental shores, the shifting of oceanic currents, the tearing down of mountains and filling up of valleys by moisture and frost, even the slow circling of the poles, all produce changes imperceptible to us; but there are corners of the earth where geological forces may be seen in the swing of rapid work. During the earthquakes of last spring a new bit of what

**PERRY ISLAND** may some time be dry land appeared between venerable Castle Rock, aged two hundred and ten, and Fire Island, a mere youth of twenty-three, in the Aleutian group. This new island was pictured in our November 24 issue. At the birth the sea boiled and steamed for miles around, and the little stranger, throwing out clouds of smoke and fumes, was an *enfant terrible* to the few fishermen who watched its birth. But American enterprise was not lacking. The revenue cutter *Perry* was soon on the spot, and while the surface was still too soft and hot for pleasant

walking Perry Island was formally pronounced American territory. It is now, presumably, open for homesteading by any one who desires a warm foundation, or by some man of science wishing to study the growth of germs in sterile soil.

**PAUSE, SENSITIVE READER,** and reflect upon the huge quantities of ingenuity, industry, wealth—one might say even genius—which are lavished every day on the tremendous task of making the world ugly! Think of the furniture factories, novelty works, wall-paper concerns turning the busy wheels of production in a thousand departments in order to flood our curio-burdened land with exotic flora and fauna, machine-daubed roses, hybrid inkstands, dwarfish tables, and ghoulish chocolate pots destined to adorn the modern flat and shriek forever at the harmony of the universe! The world is annually supplied with enough hideous table lamps to add a baneful radiance to our planet. The table lamp, in fact, seems to be a special pet of the professional uglifier. To him comes, occasionally, a prophetic vision of Art. "To-day," he says, "I feel a masterpiece struggling to be born. I am going to create something in form vaguely resembling a Chinese pagoda supporting a ketchup bottle. The base of this creation shall be a series of art-nouveau swivels terminating in brass knobs, and its apex shall be a Rogers group rampant on a field of German silver. The whole structure shall be liberally adorned with miscellaneous skew-gees, barnacles, doo-dads, cameos, and cart-wheels, and the job shall be recklessly gilded and lacquered and set on a pedestal of imitation onyx." Long time the creator labors thoughtfully at his Great Idea, and when at last it has assumed mis-shape before him he sighs in satisfaction, steps away a pace or two, cocks his head to one side and asks: "What touch can I add to this to make it just a little more ugly? Ah, I have it!" So with skilful hand he gums an Ionic column to each corner and puts the job on the market as a table lamp. In this generic and loving spirit most of the ugly things we see are given to the world. During the year 1906, on a rough estimate, something like thirteen billion violent objects of art were presented to the populace. The output of beautiful wares was somewhat smaller. To transpose from OMAR:

And that "hand-painted" Jug whose howling green  
Adorns the jig-saw Desk on which we lean—  
Ah, lean upon it lightly, for we know  
That colors can be Heard as well as Seen!

**WHEN WE FOREIGNERS** came over and took possession of America we found Indians conducting their business in a manner at once naive and slipshod. The New Jersey tribes were scalping where they listed without even an organization or State charter, and the New York aborigines, the Manahattoes, were grazing their ponies on strips of real estate easily worth a thousand dollars a front foot. Although we had no WILLIAM TAFT in those days we were able to put America on a Business Basis and to practise benevolent assimilation—with benevolence on a sliding scale. Ever since then the Indians have been on our hands—and occasionally on our consciences. Now comes FRANCIS E. LEUPP, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, full of a suggestion which seems to be in sympathy with the times. Why not incorporate the American Indian? he asks. Why not form him into a trust, present him with shares of non-assessable stock, and give him an interest in himself? An inspiration! It is easy to predict a golden future for our little red brother. Chief I-Got-All-That-Is-Good-For-Me will lay down the rifle and take up the fountain pen, assuming the vast financial irresponsibilities of the Apache Life Insurance Company. Young-Man-Whose-Father-Owned-Stocks will become a dummy director, and Willing-Talker-Not-Afraid-of-Kerosene will go to Washington to represent the interests of the Navajo, Piute, and Ute Railroad. Merely as a matter of local color, courses in stock irrigation, subsidies, rebates, and trading-stamps should be given in the Indian schools, and the President should do his share by scolding them now and then on the subject of illegal rate-making. Thus it may be possible, even at this late date, to take a few thorough and far-reaching steps for the welfare and Americanization of the Indian.

**UGLIFYING  
THE WORLD**

**INCORPORATED  
INDIANS**





# THE MAN AND THE MACHINE



The President and the Steam Shovel: These Two will Dig the Canal

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# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

## THE TWENTY-FIFTH

THE affair of the discharged negro soldiers has developed into a tangled snarl. The official reports of Major Blocksom, Lieutenant-Colonel Lovering, and Inspector-General Garlington, who were supposed to have investigated the matter as thoroughly as possible, made a strong prima facie case against the men. According to these statements, the people of Brownsville had been strongly opposed to the presence of the colored troops there, and their opposition, shown in various ways, had been resented by the soldiers. One grievance was the fact that the negroes were not allowed to drink with white people at the principal bars, although in some saloons separate bars were put up for them. Another was the action of the local inspector of customs in knocking down a colored soldier with his revolver for jostling his wife on the sidewalk. On the day before the riot the wife of a white citizen was seized by the hair and thrown to the ground by a negro of the Twenty-fifth, who ran away. This caused so much uproar that the men were confined to barracks, which heightened their feeling against the townspeople.

On the night of August 13, according to Major Blocksom's report, the first shots were fired from the barracks, and "the soldiers, nine to fifteen, possibly more, then jumped the wall and started through town." They fired about ten shots through

a house containing two women and five children. The lieutenant of police, a man "universally respected," rode toward the shooting. Although he did not even draw his revolver, the raiders, whom he estimated to be about fifteen in number, fired upon him, killed his horse, and shot him in the right arm, which afterward had to be amputated below the elbow. Then they fired seven or eight shots into a hotel, killed the bartender of a saloon, slightly wounded a Mexican, fired five or six shots into another private house, two of which went through the mosquito bar over a bed in which a woman and two children were sleeping, and then apparently ran back to the barracks. The officers at first thought that the firing had come from the town side, and the men had no trouble in getting back and cleaning their rifles. When the soldiers were questioned not one would admit any knowledge of any trouble.

According to these reports the soldiers were the sole aggressors, and then stood together to prevent the punishment of the guilty. On that showing the President's action was natural, although it did involve hardship to the innocent. It was not a question of punishment, but one of ridding the army of known rioters and murderers. Accepting the statements of the reports as true, a certain considerable proportion of the three companies concerned consisted of men of this kind, and owing to the determination of their comrades to make common cause with them there was no way of telling which men were murderers and which were not. The only way to clear the battalion of the stain of having its ranks made up in part of assassins seemed to be to make a complete change in its membership.

But now comes a private organization, the "Constitutional League," with an investigation of its own contradicting the official reports in every particular. The League alleges that "no soldier was connected with the Brownsville riot, and that no evidence exists to show such connection." It asserts that the riot began in the streets when the soldiers were asleep, that the reason the rifles were found clean was that they had not been used, that there is nothing to show that any bartender was killed or any police officer wounded, and that only a few of the soldiers were examined in the official investigation, and those in a way not calculated to bring out the truth.

What are we to believe? The only thing in the whole melancholy business that appears entirely beyond dispute is that it was a miserable mistake ever to send a colored regiment to a Texan town in the first place, especially after the citizens had protested against its presence. There are plenty of places, from Boston to Zamboanga, in which negro troops can be stationed without stirring up the rage of the vicinage.

It has been especially unfortunate that since the trouble began the whole affair has been treated on race lines—the very thing President Roosevelt was most anxious to avoid. There is no reason to believe that the action taken in the case of the Twenty-fifth has been at all different from that which would have been taken on the same information in the case of white soldiers. The information may or may not have been misleading, and the action may or may not have been hasty, but the thing the President had in mind was the maintenance of the discipline of the army against all offenders, whoever they might be.

## ELECTION WAR CHESTS

FOR the first time it has been possible to obtain an idea, based on something more than guesswork, of the cost of a political campaign in the United States. The various parties in New York have filed very complete financial statements under the new law requiring publicity of campaign contributions. Of course New York is not the United States, but it is a sufficiently important part of it to give a good line on the whole. A larger vote is cast for Governor of New York than is cast directly for any other official in the world. The Presidents of the United States and Mexico are chosen by electoral colleges. The President of the French Republic is elected by the Chambers. The President of Brazil is named by popular vote, but not by universal suffrage. The Prime Ministers of Great Britain, Russia, Germany (including Prussia), Austria, Italy, Spain, Turkey, China, and Japan are named by the sovereigns, with or without Parliamentary sanction. No other country in the world has as many people, not to speak of voters, as the State of New York.

It appears that this year's election in New York has cost about \$2,500,000—almost equivalent to the entire endowment fund of Princeton University. The Republican State Committee collected \$333,923, of which it turned over \$145,500 to the various county committees. Including this amount,



"DISCHARGED WITHOUT HONOR"

Sergeant Sanders, Company B, Twenty-fifth Infantry. A member of this company twenty-five years and First Sergeant since 1900. His bands show six enlistments and three campaigns—one in Cuba and two in the Philippines. He had only eighteen months to serve before retirement.



"DISCHARGED WITHOUT HONOR"

Sergeant Frazier, Company D, Twenty-fifth Infantry. The three white bands on his cuffs indicate three enlistments. Two of them are wide, commemorating two campaigns—one in Cuba and one in the Philippines. Sergeant Frazier helped pull down the Spanish flag at El Caney.

the county committees handled about \$430,000. The Democratic State Committee received \$80,169, of which Mr. Hearst gave \$57,000. Mr. Hearst's total sworn expenses were \$256,370.22, the greatest ever officially acknowledged by a candidate, although doubtless there have been Senatorships and attempts on Senatorships which have cost the aspirants more. This did not include the money spent in obtaining his nominations and working up the preliminary organization of the Independence League. Counting that, the cost of his Mayoralty campaign last year, and of his fight for the Democratic Presidential nomination the year before, it seems plain that Mr. Hearst's new-born political ambitions could not have cost him less than a million dollars.

## CONGRESS

**A**CCORDING to the curious system by which a popular verdict in America remains in a state of suspended animation for thirteen months, the old Fifty-ninth Congress, whose successors had been elected a month before, met again on December 3. Little but the passage of appropriation bills is usually expected in a "short session," but as a matter of history some of the most important measures on our statute books have been passed at such times. The President does not venture in his message to recommend a revision of the tariff this winter, but events may force his hand, and even that of a "stand-pat" Congress.

The President, who has been accused by the Democrats of stealing their clothes in his railroad regulation and anti-trust policies, secures most of their remaining wardrobe in his advocacy of a graduated inheritance, and if possible an income, tax. The former he urges on the frankly radical ground that it is desirable to "put a constantly increasing burden on the inheritance of those swollen fortunes which it is certainly of no benefit to the country to perpetuate."

The President's lecture to California on her treatment of the Japanese, his defense of the Monroe Doctrine, and his advocacy of national control of marriage and divorce are matters useful for reproof, for counsel, and for meditation. But Mr. Roosevelt actually expects Congress to do certain things at this session—namely, to prohibit campaign contributions, to give the Government the right to appeal in criminal cases, to grant subsidies to American shipping, to pass Senator La Follette's bill limiting the hours of service for railroad employees, and to give relief to the Philipines in the matter of the tariff.

## PARLOR FOOTBALL

**T**HE close of the football season of 1906 has brought a gratifying decrease in the rate of mortality. Only eleven players—just enough for one full team—have been killed this year, and only a hundred and four have been sufficiently in-

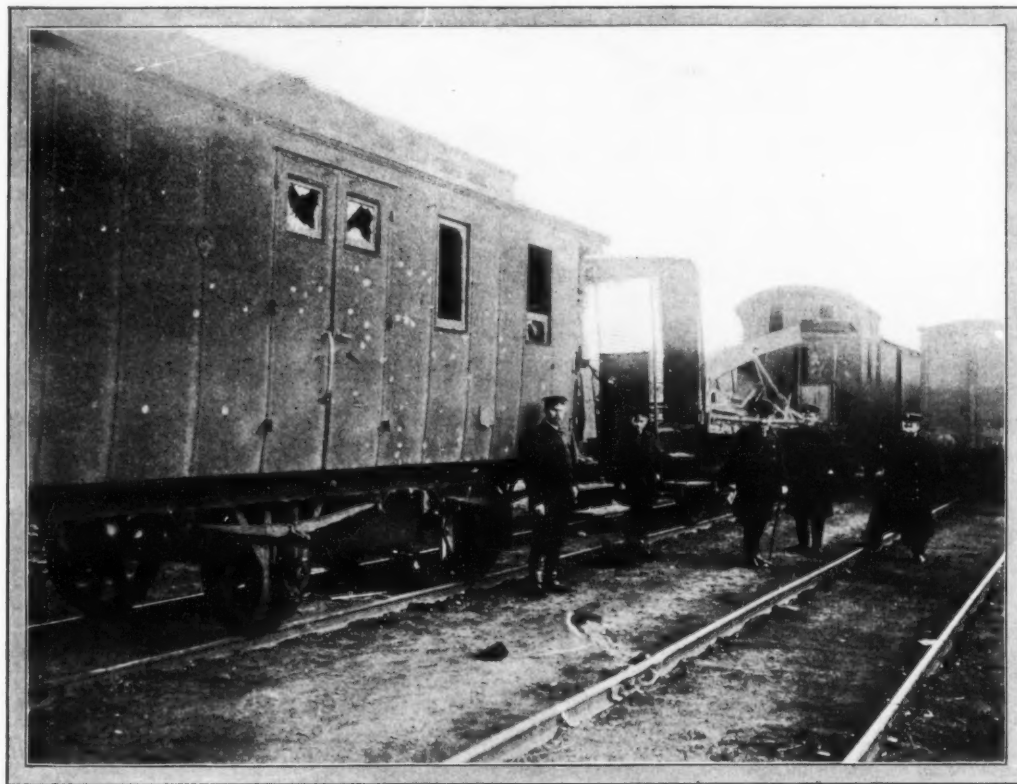
the new "debrutalized" arrangements which have converted it into a "parlor game" has killed only eleven times as many Americans as the naval battles of Manila and Santiago. Seven of the eleven players who were killed this year were high-school pupils, and none of the other four represented any of the larger colleges. The hardened athletes of these institutions came through the campaign without the loss of a single life.

The first season of Christianized warfare on the football field made it clear that under such conditions Eastern culture was far in advance of that of the West. On the same day Michigan and Minnesota, the Western champions, were buried by the same score of 17-0 by Pennsylvania and Carlisle respectively.

## AN ART ERA

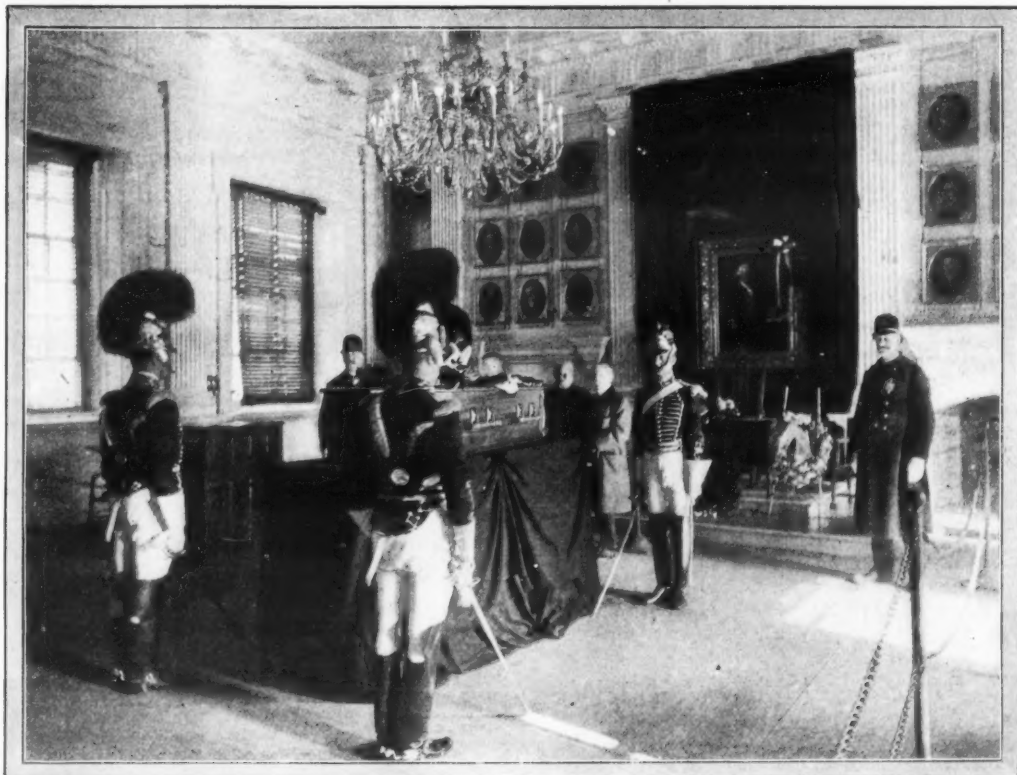
**A**NATIONAL art gallery came into actual existence on November 26, after a phantom life of sixty years. On that day the collections of the late Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston were opened to the public in the lecture hall of the National Museum. This is a small beginning, but the start of the National Museum itself was smaller. All an institution needs in Washington is a start. When it once makes itself visible, and gets a staff interested in its growth, Congress does the rest. "National Galleries of Art" have had a legal existence ever since the foundation of the Smithsonian in 1846, and now they are to become a reality. The next step will be the construction of a suitable building. An appropriation for that will be forthcoming in due time. One building is already assured by the contract between Mr. Freer, of Detroit, and the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution. Under this agreement the remarkable Freer collection will be transferred to the Smithsonian after Mr. Freer's death, and a building to cost half a million dollars will be put up to hold it. This, although devoted exclusively to the Freer collection, will be made to harmonize with the rest of the National Galleries. The Corcoran Gallery has served adolescent Washington well, but now that the American capital is growing to the stature of a world metropolis it needs, and will eventually have, a national art

centre that will hold in its field the rank held by the Library of Congress in the world of books. Only a few years ago that library was tucked away in a corner of the Capitol, its books piled up on the floor or buried in boxes in the cellar, and its catalogue carried chiefly in the head of Librarian Spofford. Now it is truly a National Library. The National Galleries of Art will have a similar fortune.



THE CRUDE METHODS OF RUSSIAN TRAIN ROBBERS

In this affair, at Rogow, near Warsaw, a hundred revolutionists fired volleys at the train, blew up the mail car with bombs, and killed seventeen people, while one skilled American road agent would have secured everything portable without firing a shot.



HONORS TO THE LATE GENERAL JAMES WILSON

The body lying in state at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, guarded by a detail of the First City Troop

jured to get their names in the papers. Last year the casualties were eighteen killed and a hundred and fifty-nine seriously wounded. The new rules, therefore, may be credited with saving seven lives, perhaps more, for if the old methods had been persisted in the death rate would probably have increased. They have also prevented the manufacture of at least fifty-five cripples. Football under



## PEARY'S STORY

COMMANDER PEARY'S detailed account of his conquest of the farthest north, published in the New York "Herald," makes it plain enough why the Pole has remained a virgin fortress through all the centuries of its siege. It used to be thought that even if there were no land extending all the way to the Pole, at least there would be found a bridge of solid ice, so that covering the distance would be merely a matter of patience, endurance, and careful preparation. But Peary has proved that even in winter there are wide stretches of open water, impassable for sledges, while the ice fields are in constant motion.

In every respect this expedition represents the high-water mark of skill, daring, and fortune. The

parties, and the only chance left for him to accomplish anything was to dash forward at top speed with the least possible load of supplies, and keep on among the treacherous floes and the yawning leads of open water until he had barely provisions enough to bring him back if luck held. He abandoned everything he could possibly do without and plunged due northward again, making thirty miles the first day and overtaking an advance party the second day. Pushing on with seven men and six teams, each drawing less than half a load, he came to a region of increased ice activity, the eastward drift becoming more rapid as he went farther north. The pace told on the dogs, and as one after another collapsed it was fed to the survivors. At last, on April 21, with open channels all around, with swaying floes drifting eastward faster than the dogs could travel north, and with barely food enough to carry them back to land in the most favorable conditions, it seemed foolhardy to struggle further. Peary had reached 87° 6'—thirty miles beyond the farthest reached by

## NIAGARA POWER

THE simple issue of preserving the scenic beauty of Niagara Falls has been considerably complicated by the questions of national policy growing out of the ownership of the Falls by two separate countries. Either of these countries has the power to destroy the cataract, and measures of precaution taken by one are of little use without the cordial cooperation of the other. This complication has been conspicuous in the hearings given by Secretary Taft to the representatives of the civic associations that are trying to save the Falls, and of the corporations that are trying to deplete them. The Burton Act allows the Secretary of War to grant permits for the importation of limited amounts of power from Canada. Mr. J. Horace McFarland,



ONE OF THE OLD SOUTH'S HEROES OF WAR AND PEACE

Unveiling an equestrian statue of General Wade Hampton in the State Capitol Grounds at Columbia, South Carolina, November 20

Roosevelt was taken three hundred miles north of Greely's base at Cape Sabine. She was locked in the ice for the winter on September 5, 1905, and for nearly five months, from October 12 to March 6, the explorers had not a glimpse of the sun. Peary's cured whale meat turned bad, poisoning his dogs, and several tons of it had to be thrown away, leaving the dogs and Eskimos to live on the country through an Arctic winter. The mild weather that ruined the ice crops of the United States and Canada seems to have extended all the way to the Pole, for there never was a time when Peary did not see long leads of open water, and on Christmas night his ship was threatened by a complete break-up of the ice.

In February the sledge parties started northward along the coast of Grant Land, and cut loose from shore at Point Moss at the beginning of March for the dash across the Polar Sea. Peary, with several supporting parties, made his way due north to latitude 85° 12', where he was delayed by a storm that raged without ceasing for six days, and drove him seventy miles to the eastward. When the wind lulled Peary found that he had been completely cut off from communication with his supporting

any other explorer, but this record seemed a small thing to him in the face of his disappointment in his failure to win the supreme prize he had striven for. "I thanked God with as good a grace as possible for what I had been able to accomplish," he said modestly, "though it was but an empty bauble compared with the splendid jewel for which I was straining my life."

Leaving his flags flying from the highest pinnacle, with a bottle near containing a record of his journey, Peary started on his return course. But it was soon found impossible to retrace his steps. Storm Camp, where the party had been held up for six days on the way north, was reached, but after that the wind and currents took command. For five days the party drifted eastward on a broken floe. Then it cut its way through what Peary describes as "such a hell of shattered ice as I hope never to see again; a conglomeration of fragments in size from a paving stone to the dome of the Capitol." At last, on May 12, the explorers crawled ashore on the coast of Greenland, where they found hares and musk-oxen, which kept them alive until they could make their way back to the Roosevelt.

President of the American Civic Association, Mr. Clinton Rogers Woodruff, and others offered cogent arguments against such importations. If the United States had controlled both sides of the river there would have been nothing more to be said, but unfortunately it was shown that the refusal to admit Canadian power would not prevent the diversion of water from the river, but would merely stimulate the use of the power on the Canadian side. The only thing that could really settle the matter in a satisfactory way would be an international agreement, such as is contemplated by the Burton Act, whose nature is avowedly temporary. Mr. McFarland reminded the public of some interesting things not usually realized. For instance, he showed that contrary to the usual impression that the Horseshoe Fall is purely Canadian, the international boundary cuts it in such a way that two-fifths of it belong to the United States. Thus Canada's share of the great natural wonder known as Niagara Falls consists of three-fifths of the Horseshoe, while the American share includes two-fifths of the Horseshoe and the whole American Fall, with the islands between. Hence the United States may well take the initiative in preserving its beauties.



REVIEWING THE ZONE GUARD

A battalion of marines under Major Long is the only military force on the Isthmus  
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IT is not often that we undertake to sever a continent; and when we do, the President of our United States is warranted in breaking a precedent. What an inspection of the railroad lines they control means to Hill and Harriman his visit to the Isthmus meant to Theodore Roosevelt. Although his authority is not so complete as theirs, Congress has, nevertheless, conferred on him more power in the execution of the greatest public work of our time than it ever entrusted to any other Executive.

The bold stroke of a man of action cutting the knot of indecision has signalized each forward step in the enterprise. It was the President who determined that the choice of one route or the other was better than an eternal dispute as to their relative merits. In order that we might have the concession which we needed he stood as godfather to the birth of a new republic; he insisted on a zone under our rule for the sake of sanitation; he fought for pay and power for the chief engineer; and, finally, while many consulting engineers were still of many minds and the work halted for want of a definite plan, he took the advice of the chief engineer and decided in favor of the 85-foot level lock canal which Congress accepted.

#### Digging the Canal Himself

There are times when men connected with the Canal work say in exasperation: "The President is digging the Canal himself"; and the same men a month later may be repeating the same words in praise and thanks. Of the truth of the remark there is never any question among those around him. After three years fraught with many setbacks he was to see with his own eyes



THE PRESIDENT, MRS. ROOSEVELT, AND MR. STEVENS

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# THE PRESIDENT SEES

By FREDERICK PALMER, Collier's Special Correspondent

the work for which Congress had made him personally responsible to the nation. His curiosity was as warrantable and as natural as it was intense.

The *Louisiana* arrived sixteen hours ahead of her schedule, but to no avail. Although the wireless which the President sent asking that he be met at four o'clock on the afternoon of the 14th instead of on the morning of the 15th had been answered with an "O. K.," there was no one on hand to receive him. The author of the O. K., who certainly was not any one in authority, remains unidentified. Chairman Shonts and Chief Engineer Stevens were at the other end of the Isthmus, intending to come over on the evening train.

In sight of the promised land of the results of his leadership, our strenuous President, overflowing with the stored energy of a restful voyage, must perforce remain aboard throughout the afternoon or else break an international program. For Dr. Amador, the President of the smallest American republic, must welcome the President of the United States and the President of the largest American republic must return his call.

#### Breaking a Precedent

Of Mr. Roosevelt's three days ashore, one was largely occupied by this business of officially setting his foot on foreign soil. Every one connected with the Canal passes in and out of the Canal Zone so frequently that he never thinks of the boundary. To the American on the Isthmus the Breaking of the Great Precedent could mean little more than the passing of a Presidential train from Indiana to Illinois. The Panamans, fully conscious of the august feature, accepted it as their due. They are becoming used to international events and the visits of distinguished foreigners. Frock coats and high hats—as suitable in the tropics as a medieval helmet and arctic furs to a midsummer holiday—without which no international episode would be dignified, first called into service by the visit of Secretary Taft, had scarcely had time to accumulate dust since the visit of Secretary Root.

The actual crossing of the frontier took place when the President was driven from the very new Canal Commission Hotel Tivoli into the plaza of the old city, which is now the capital of a nation, thanks to a bloodless *coup d'état* which received his tacit consent.

Panama lies on the level by the sea. In the Zone the settlements are on the hills. They are exotic and fleeting, the camping-places of an alien race to whom the tropics is death in the end. When the mosquito-barred hospitals and the barracks with their broad verandas of Northern wood are in decay, and the doctors and nurses and steam-shovel men are gone, the Spanish houses of stone and stucco with Castilian balconies will remain. While they sat idly by, this polyglot people has seen malaria and fever sap the strength of Northern conquerors from Balboa to De Lesseps, who came hither to join the Atlantic and the Pacific with caravans or spades. Let us hope that our Canal of Theodore's strenuous days will endure as long as the old sea wall, still the most imposing public work in Panama, built by the glorious old devil of a Spaniard of Philip's strenuous days.

#### He Saw a Clean Panama

The pity is that the President could not have seen Panama as it was under the rule of Colombia. In this way only could he realize the contrast with the present régime, which is tempered by the paternalism of Governor Magoo, who literally took the artillery and ordnance of the little republic in storage. Of all Central American towns, Panama is to-day the cleanest and most presentable. A people who formerly were overrun with petty dictators and tax-gatherers from Bogota are spending the money which the canal brings them at home, and they are happy, even though a little resentful of a stronger hand than the local police, which holds back revolutions and makes café talk more commercial than Boabdilian. At first they complained about the sewers and pavements as innovations that interfered with settled habits. It is enough for us to know that now they would not give up these improvements upon which we insisted.

They do not thank us for benefits received, but ask us for more and more and think us a little soft and easy, knowing that in their diplomatic relations with us the size of their republic is all to their advantage, for it gives them a stronger ally than battleships in a Nonconformist conscience which came over in the *Mayflower* about the same time that the Spaniards built a paved road across the Isthmus with forced

native labor. Those who believe that it is our duty to help the weak did not commend the method by which the Panama Republic was made. If they will go to Panama to-day they will see how the weak have been helped, not by editorials, but by action, and how the weak are ready to help themselves on all occasions, too.

If the President had gone to England, consider the pomp and show! Or even to Ottawa! But the precedent was not to be broken in Canada, or in Mexico for that matter. A destiny, not to mention a Presidential inclination which reception committees might not control, set the ceremony for a plaza in Panama. The situation was quaint and bizarre. You pinched yourself to make sure that it was really the President of the United States who was speaking from the dais on the Cathedral steps before two or three thousand Central Americans. In what foreign territory could he better appear than in that which was foreign by an act of his own Administration? Germany with the same opportunity would have made it domestic.

For President Amador, and particularly Mrs. Amador and the Panamans, this event was everything. To the Americans working on the Canal it was an incident. Having finished with ceremony, Mr. Roosevelt took off his frock coat, put on his Panama hat and a duck

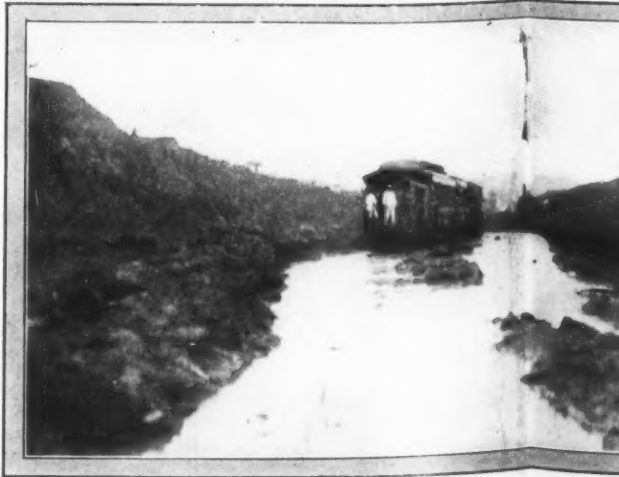
suit, and in a matter of grand fact escorted.

Only two of whom convention exception you build the side engineer real, up we pass Obispo, banner bright ground obstacle come. every A gineer—rightly The F wanting



DISCUSSING THEIR WORK WITH FOREMEN AND STEAM SHO

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HIS TRAIN PASSES OVER TRACKS WHICH ARE UNDER WATER

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# T SEES THE CANAL

Special Correspondent with the Presidential Party

uty to which go to be seen the s, too, er the pre-lexico Presi-might nama. nched ident e dais usand could gn by with istic. nador. To ident. took duck

suit, and addressed himself to the business in hand in a manner which belied any inferences of a kind of grand official parade which might be drawn from the fact that he had come on a first-class battleship escorted by two first-class armored cruisers.

Only the Panamans and the Zone school-children, of whom a word later, prepared any display or any conventional welcome. Perhaps I might make two exceptions. Item One: "We will do our best to help you build it," saluted the President on bunting from the side of a steam shovel. This was the steam-shovel engineer's own idea. It was individual, American, real, upstanding in its good humor. Item Two: As we passed through the gorge cut in solid rock at Obispo, suspended above our heads like a campaign banner on Broadway was an American flag whose bright colors struck the eye suddenly on the background of gray sky and gray earth and forbidding obstacles which American determination is to overcome. As the President lifted his hat the heart of every American gave a thump, and the division engineer—covered with mud—who had hung it there was rightly pleased with himself.

The Presidential inspection was as matter-of-fact, as wanting in punctilio and ceremonial, as a general's

ride along the lines of khaki in a lull in a battle. And a battle it is we are waging on the Isthmus; a modern battle of science and organization against the backbone of a continent; a Port Arthur where you do not storm the hills but you carry them away to a dump pile. The conflict is with the climate as well as with the walls of earth of Genesis which are a barrier to the world's commerce.

Probably no ruler in history had ever before been received by hosts who had consistently wished for bad weather during his visit. Those who are doing the work wanted the President to see the Isthmus at its worst. Their prayers were fully answered. For the six days ending November 16, 10.24 inches of rain fell; for the twenty-four hours ending November 16, 4.66 inches, and in one period of thirty minutes 2.5 inches fell.

Measure that amount up in your washbowl and think what it means on a hot August day, not to a man walking on a sidewalk, but to a man working with pick and spade. The difference between the dry season and the wet season to the engineer is the difference between hell and paradise. If you see the Isthmus in the dry season you may wonder why more has not been accomplished; if you see it in the wet season you are amazed that so much has been accomplished. The odor of mildew was in the nostrils, garments were saturated with hot moisture from which there is no escape except in a drying-room. The soil of the cut trickled with seepage; car tracks sank in slime and the Presidential train itself on Saturday ran in water so deep that a line of sediment was left on the sides of the passenger coaches. We passed a locomotive overturned into a stream where the roadbed had given way like a sherbet under a hot iron.

## He Kept Them Guessing

"How could the President see anything in two days?" is a question I have been asked. Bear in mind that he was not inspecting the length and breadth of a State or an intricate system of government, but the beginnings of a cut in the earth broad enough to take ships covering a distance of forty miles through which runs the arterial tracks whose many branches carry the soil away.

"But hadn't they swept out the corners and shined up the doorknobs carefully and locked the skeletons in the closets during the two months of warning that they had?" pursues the skeptic. Of course. They are human. The Commission went to the Isthmus beforehand, and the official Man from Cook's was ready to receive the distinguished tourist. But in two months you can not take away enough dirt from Culebra Cut to make a year's showing, nor can you bring into existence an organization which keeps fifty steam shovels busy. Besides, the sum of the work done stands checked off on the line as clearly and indubitably as the working of a time register in a factory. Yet they were worried. Everything was not as they wished it to be, and they knew, as every American knows, that nobody on earth can tell just what Theodore Roosevelt is going to do.

## "What I Want to Know IS!"

With the President on the rear platform of the car was his right-hand man and his left-hand man in the enterprise. In these two he has centred all the agency of execution. The other members of the Commission, which number seven by the Senate's decree, are consulting. Shonts, the big business man who made a fortune out of railroad manipulation, accustomed to do big things as the head of a board of directors, was chosen for his ability to hold all the parts of a large organization in working unison. Stevens is of a type as different from Shonts as a doctor from a banker. He belongs to a great profession. He who fought the Rockies on the snow-line for Jim Hill has now the task of cutting the tapering tail of the Rockies on the tropical Isthmus for the Canal. A quiet man he is, who turns away wrath with a story of the Lincoln type, and then goes back to the business of measuring up working costs on the amount of excavation done. For the sum of the problem is dig, dig, dig, just as the sum of war is work, work, work. And the engineers are the heroes of this mighty battle, they and Colonel Gorgas and his doctors who have killed the mosquitoes which have killed the diggers.

To them, to Shonts, to the day laborer the President was uniformly direct and earnest as he aimed at any hidden point with his "Yes, but what I want to know is—"



SPEAKING TO THE PANAMANS

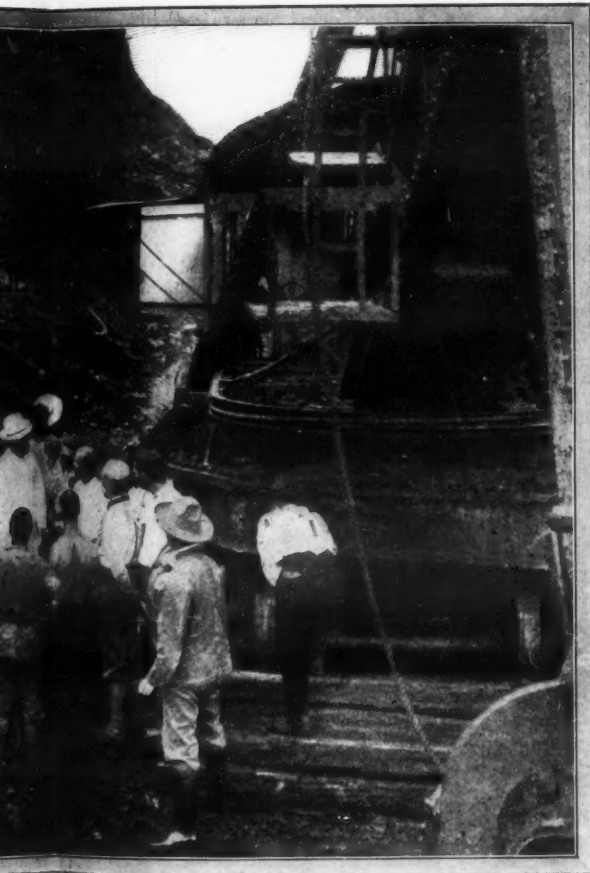
From the steps of their cathedral he warned them against the folly of revolutions

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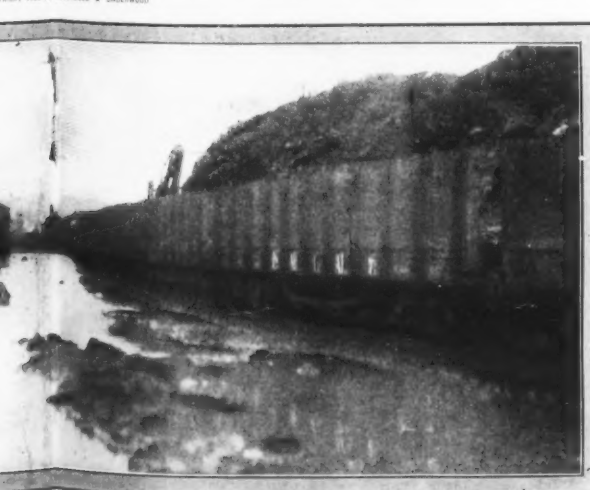
When we came to the first steam shovel, in the language of the negro porter of the train, the President "chawged." Here was something of more interest than a Precedent—the first glimpse of the thing that he had come for. Now this is no place to mention the cold, judicial way in which Root when he visited the Isthmus, approached a steam shovel. But the folks on the Isthmus are making certain comparisons, and they are speaking of steam shovels as exponents of character. The President went up the steps in the manner of a man who had just bought a half interest in the implement, and was about to ascertain what it could do. Some one laid a handkerchief over the iron seat he was to occupy. He looked at the handkerchief gingerly and then brushed it aside as if he feared that it would bite. Thus began the ruin of his duck suit, while he saw the working of that monster which has made Western railroad expansion possible, and now makes the Canal possible. In our modern dispensation its steel sinews under the touch of levers take the place of the sinews of the slaves who built the Roman aqueducts under the touch of the lash.

## A Glimpse of the "Square Deal"

When Grey had finished his demonstration the President asked him if he had any complaints. Grey had one and he was not slow to name it. The Panama Railroad Company is a corporation separate from the Isthmian Canal Commission. The railroad pays its steam shovel men for overtime and the Canal Commission does not. Grey, as I understood the situation, had been transferred from railroad to canal work and had not received his railroad overtime. Immediately we



WORKMEN AND STEAM SHOVEL MEN AT SAN PEDRO MIGUEL



ARE UNDER WATER AS A RESULT OF THE HEAVY DOWNPOUR

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DINING AT AN EMPLOYEES' MESS

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had an exhibition of the "square deal." Stevens and Bolich, the division engineer, were sent for. They climbed into the steam shovel and stated their side; Grey reiterated his. The President of the United States, seated like a judge on the iron bench of a steam shovel, with his "But what I want to know is—" put many questions, and he concluded that Grey was entitled to his railroad overtime. The question of occasional overtime on the canal work where the men frequently worked only six hours was another matter.

When you have seen one steam shovel you have seen all. The power of each of itself is uncanny, and the greater the number at work the mightier the impression. In action they remind you of an elephant piling timbers. Their great mandible dipsers feel of a heavy rock as the trunk feels of a heavy stick, but when they get a hold, with an elephantine grumble they lift it out of place. From his car the President had a panorama of these giants burrowing in the cut alongside the dump cars, which are drawn slowly forward as one after another is filled; and above them, on the hill-sides, were the houses and barracks of the employees and the laborers' quarters, and beyond lay the jungle.

#### His Own Guide

At a word from the President the train halted; at a word from him came the blue-prints and the explanation, and any one from a laborer to a sanitary inspector was sent for. The skeleton of the program had been officially outlined; the disposal of his time en route was the President's. At his side was Mr. Latta, his stenographer (Loeb, his private secretary, he did not bring), to whom he turned with occasional comments which enabled us to witness a special message to Congress in the making. As an investigator, the President obviously has facilities denied to magazine writers, and possibly this explains the size of his output.

Our commonplace Presidential tour moments were aboard the train. Our interesting moments came when he left the train so promptly that the Jamaican porter, good of intention but tropically slow of action, was never able to get the step ready for him. "What next?" we wondered, as the party—official and otherwise—hastened after this head of a nation who acted as his own guide, aide-de-camp and reception committee.

It was on these occasions that the President met the men on the job, upon whom, more than upon plans, investigations, or commissions depends the success of the enterprise. De Lesseps had great engineers and good machinery, but the men on the job failed him. The workers on the Isthmus are composed of distinctly two castes. Broadly they are known as "gold" and "silver" employees. The "silver" employees do manual labor. They include not a single American citizen. The gold employees are all Americans, engineers, foremen, clerks, and mechanics. They constitute a community which makes New York seem provincial.

Hereafter I shall recommend any one who wishes to see all America, and truly to get its best spirit in a great endeavor, to go to the Zone. This strip of tropical territory forty miles long and ten miles broad is like a microscopic slide, revealing the blood corpuscles of our national life. North and South and East and West work together. On the same mosquito-screened veranda of Washington pine put up by a New York carpenter, perhaps, you heard the New England twang, the full vowels of the Pacific Coast, the drawl of Missouri and the soft accents of the South.

Theodore Roosevelt, the all-round American, who had known the types in their own States, found them in a group here; the head of eighty-five million people was inspecting a congress representative of that whole, in our vast country, which you may know only by



WATCHING THE GIANT DIPPER OF A STEAM SHOVEL LOADING ROCK ON DUMP CARS

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thousands upon thousands of miles of travel. It was his idea originally to give to the work on the Isthmus the same character that marks most private enterprises, where employees are chosen for efficiency rather than for pull. His policy—the policy for which he has fought so hard—he saw justified. In order to keep the Canal out of politics he has had to grant patronage in other channels to appease recalcitrant political leaders. The vagrant of politics who wants a snap has crept in, of course, but he is rare, much rarer than a year ago.

In the married quarters he found that backbone type of American family where one of the sons sticks to the farm, another becomes a railroad engineer and a third enters a profession. He went into their rooms; he asked them many questions; he tramped through the mud from building to building. At the Isthmian

Canal Commission hotels, which are really big public messes, you may, if you come in from the steam shovel or the shop, eat in your shirt-sleeves at one end of the dining-room, or if you make blue-prints or hammer a typewriter, or you are fresh out of the technical college getting your first practical experience on an engineering job, you may take the end of a room where the diner must wear a coat. Thus in a democracy is the distinction that starch and bluing make in some minds preserved. The steam shovel "sharp" gets twice and frequently more than twice the pay of the young man out of the technical college, who is not worried about overtime, but, ambitious to get a start in life, goes plunging through the jungle with his theodolite, heedless of rain or sun or malarial mosquitoes.

The President ate twice at Isthmian Canal Commission hotels. In both instances he dropped in unexpectedly, and he got a good square meal with as much variety as he usually has at home. On the second occasion he went to see where the meal came from, catching a cook by surprise in the midst of after-dinner litter and the roar of dishwashing.

#### A Clean Kitchen

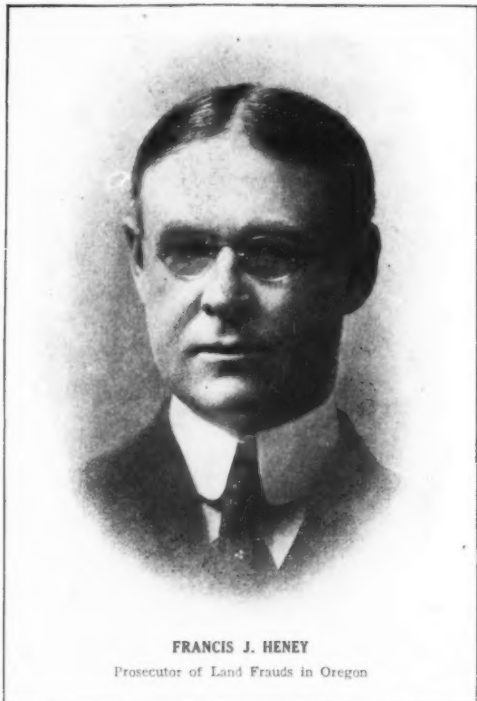
What was the cook to do? A cook who was conscious of the importance of certain preparations when a President calls or one is to have his photograph taken! Nothing, except to let the President see for himself. The President did not say, "But what I want to know is—" a single time. He found a clean kitchen, and he was well pleased, even if the cook was not, and never can be, when he thinks of how much better it would have been if all the pots and pans were shining and in place and the dishes stacked. The cook might have observed, however, that his jacket was as presentable as a certain duck suit whose back Canal officials, policemen, reporters, and photographers had been following through the downpour.

To every employee the President offered an opportunity to be heard. In fact, he was on the Isthmus looking for grievances, and he devoted the evening of the first day of inspection to listening to them from every quarter, while the heads of departments were kept waiting. To his ears, at all events, the "gold" employees offered no complaints about either quarters or food. But all did want a raise in pay. As the President observed, however, this was not a unique request.

The "silver" employees bring us to another question: to that human assistance whose need machinery has reduced to a minimum but which it can not entirely replace. Some type of man with sufficient cerebellum to direct his muscles in answer to orders must lift and carry in the moist heat of the rainy season and under the tropical sun of the dry season. You wonder if the grumbles of the methodical steam shovel are not due to the inferiority of the labor which places the ties and the rails under the monster's body as he is advanced into the bin of earth upon which he feeds.—(Continued on p. 32)

## FULTON OF OREGON

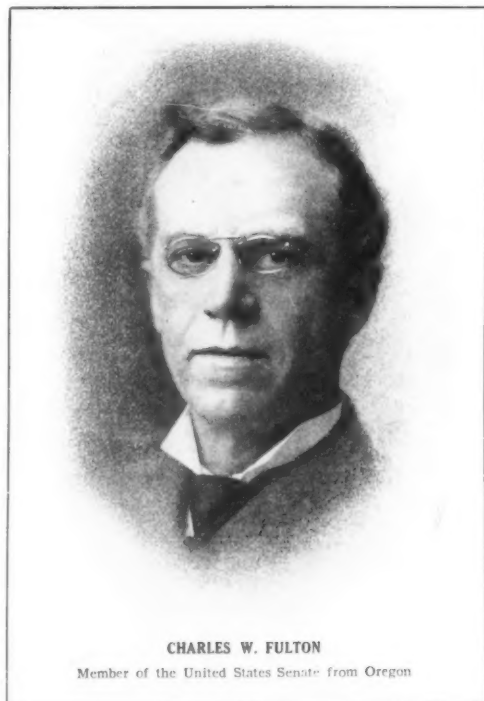
*The story of the Senator's attempt to protect two political friends who were involved in the land frauds*



FRANCIS J. HENY  
Prosecutor of Land Frauds in Oregon

CHARLES W. FULTON, United States Senator from Oregon, in conformity with the custom which has grown up in Congress, named four constituents, one after the other, for an important Federal office in his State. On examination into the qualifications of the men proposed, every one was found to be unfit! In despair, President Roosevelt threw up his hands, and told Senator Fulton that he would nominate his own man. He did. Since then, in all appointments relating to the Department of Justice and to the Department of the Interior—the Governmental machinery directly involved in prosecuting the land frauds—the senior Senator from Oregon has not been consulted. Nominations have been made over his head. Behind his failure to fight openly the confirmation of these nominations, as other Senators would have done were their sacred prerogative attacked, is a grave matter relating to Fulton's standing as a Senator. To the facts in the case the people are clearly entitled.

The story is an incident in the history of the Oregon land frauds. Three years ago, the whisper came east to Washington that wholesale frauds were being committed in connection with Government lands in Oregon. With it came the information that these frauds permeated and tainted every circle of life and every stratum of business in the State. Business men of high standing were engineering the steals; lawyers at the head of the bar were attending to the details, and bankers were financing the deals. Most of the State and Government officials, it was said, were either directly concerned in the frauds or else were on such intimate personal terms with the criminals that the United States Government could not rely on them to prosecute. And even if there were an official in Oregon fearless enough to take up the work, he would face a public opinion so hostile as to make his efforts use-



CHARLES W. FULTON  
Member of the United States Senate from Oregon



less. This was the situation which has since been so graphically described by the phrase "the land conscience."

Under these circumstances, somebody outside the State must be secured to prosecute the thieves. Attorney-General Knox suggested a San Francisco lawyer who had come to his attention. Francis J. Heney had made a record under similar circumstances in Arizona, where he had been Attorney-General before the age of thirty-five. Heney took the appointment at the sacrifice of his profitable law business in San Francisco. When he arrived in Portland, the very air seemed charged with hostility to him. A local bar association adopted a resolution protesting against the appointment of a "carpet-bagger" to prosecute the land-fraud cases. At every turn Heney met open defiance or subtle hampering of his work.

But courage could withstand the hostility of a whole community, and Heney had been selected for courage. From one man in the State, however, he must have active cooperation and assistance. That man was United States Attorney for the district. On him Heney must depend for assistance in putting in operation the legal machinery of prosecution. Obstruction on the part of this officer would undermine all the energy and astuteness that Heney could bring to bear.

The occupant of the office at that time was John H. Hall. His term was drawing to a close. And no Government official ever fought to retain his office as did Hall. The knowledge of how much there was at stake inspired his frantic efforts to hold on for another term. Hall's conscience told him that he himself was liable to prosecution. He knew that at least one United States Senator from Oregon, two Congressmen, and half the prominent politicians in the State could not be saved from indictment unless he stood between them and Heney.

#### Brownell for States Attorney

But although Hall so keenly desired to remain in office, the United States Senators from Oregon had planned to shelve him. They proposed to use the United States Attorneyship to pay a political debt. Charles W. Fulton, whom Senator Mitchell had selected for his colleague, in getting himself elected a United States Senator, had incurred many political obligations, and of these none was so pressing as that to George C. Brownell, president of the State Senate, who had parceled out the committee assignments to further Fulton's candidacy, and had aided him in every way. For this valuable service he was promised the United States Attorneyship, and to this promise Senator Mitchell was a party. Just how fit Brownell was to fill this important office may be judged from the fact that he has since been indicted for subornation of perjury. Additional light on the character of Brownell and his candidacy is furnished by the following official report made to the Secretary of the Interior by Special Agent Greene of the department:

"George C. Brownell, a sloughed-off politician from Kansas, who has been living off his wits in Oregon for ten years, and who by the grace of Senator Mitchell, for whom he voted at his last election, is now President of the State Senate of Oregon, has been an aspirant for the position of United States District Attorney to succeed Hall. His record is so unfavorable that even Mitchell has at last concluded that it would be unwise to recommend him for the position, and is now seriously considering the candidacy of J. U. Campbell for the appointment. Brownell and Campbell both live in Oregon City, and until a year or so ago were partners in law practise. I have it from unquestionable authority that the arrangement is for Campbell to get the office and divide the revenue with his former partner Brownell, in consideration of the latter bringing the support of the delegation to Campbell. To have either of these men in the position of prosecuting attorney would be equivalent to giving a free rein to every violator of the law in Oregon. Neither one is a lawyer of even moderate ability, nor has either one of them any practise worth mentioning. They not only lack prominent standing at the bar, such as should be one of the qualifications for so responsible a position, but they lack clean records as citizens and local officials. Both are notaries public and have been for several years. I have before me as I write documentary evidence that they have made false certificates in connection with fraudulent surveys in this State. I charge Brownell of being guilty of uttering false certificates, and of conspiracy to defraud the Government of the United States. As for Campbell, I shall be able to prove him guilty of uttering false certificates and of conspiring to defraud the Government of the United States."

This, then, was the situation: Senators Fulton and Mitchell earnestly desired the appointment of Brownell; failing that, the appointment of Brownell's law partner, Campbell. On the other hand, Hall was determined on his own reappointment, and he threatened his rivals with prosecution in order to force them out of the race. Then he hastened to Washington to secure Senatorial indorsement of the bargain he had made. What took place at the conference with Senators Fulton and Mitchell is clearly set down in a most remarkable letter. It bears date January 18, 1904, and at the top of the first page, in the handwriting of Senator Mitchell, is the warning: "Strictly Confidential." The letter, which was sent to Brownell, covers four typewritten pages. The important part of the communication is here given:

"MY DEAR SENATOR AND FRIEND:

"I have received your several despatches since Hall left Portland, and since he arrived here, and both Senator Fulton and myself have done everything in our power to protect you, and also Campbell—who is also under the ban of Greene and others, as we learned to our very great surprise and regret—and, without going into particulars, I think we have been able to so arrange matters as to protect you both.

"Of course, friend Brownell, this letter is to you in the strictest confidence. The best way for the present is to drop all talk about the District Attorneyship; let the matter rest just precisely as it stands for the present. Both Fulton and I have, for the purpose of fully protecting your interests, gone very much farther in a certain direction than we ever supposed we would. I can not explain fully to you until I see you just what I mean. Hall leaves this evening for home. My advice would be for you to say nothing to him whatever, unless he says something to you. Just let the matter drift for the present. *This is all important.* Faithfully and sincerely your friend,

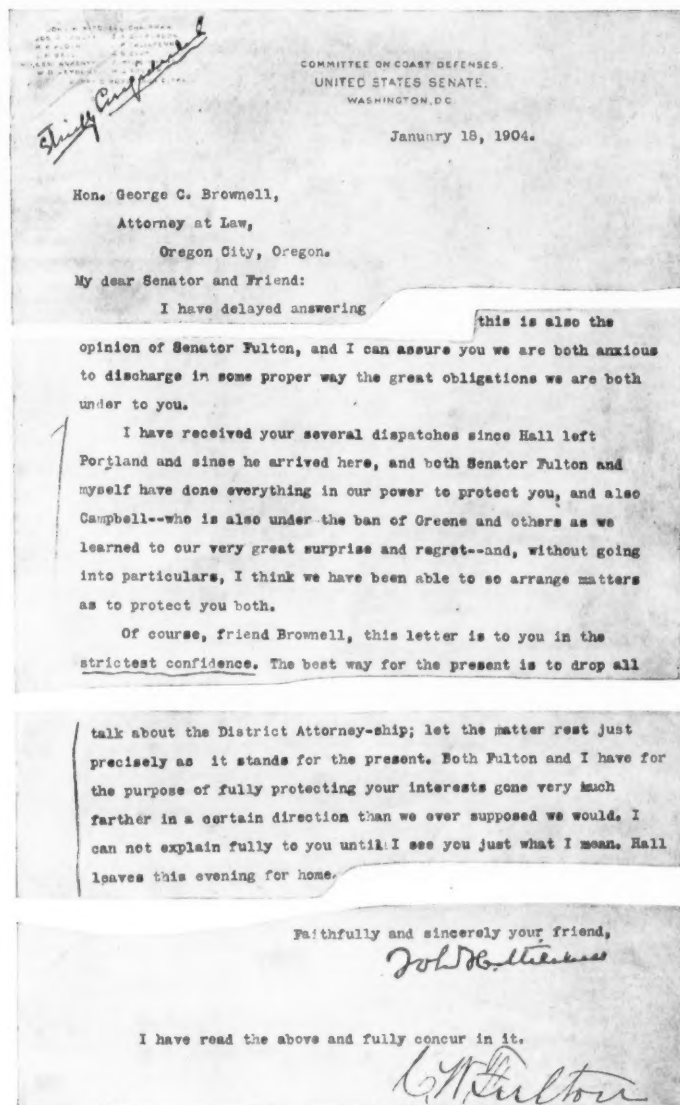
(Signed)

"JOHN H. MITCHELL."

"I have read the above and fully concur in it.

(Signed)

"C. W. FULTON."



PART OF A LETTER FROM SENATORS MITCHELL AND FULTON TO GEORGE C. BROWNELL

The letter consists of four typewritten pages; only the most important portions are reproduced

What did the letter mean? This: That in Washington, on January 18, 1904, a secret agreement was entered into between United States Senators Fulton and Mitchell, on the one side, and United States Attorney Hall, on the other, by which it was agreed that the Oregon Senators were to use their influence to procure the reappointment of Hall to the office of United States Attorney for the District of Oregon, and that in consideration of their doing so Hall was to protect George C. Brownell and J. U. Campbell from indictment and prosecution.

#### \$500 was Offered for the Letter Shown Above

What Senator Fulton thinks of the significance of this letter may be inferred from the fact that on the fourth day of January, 1906, Senator Fulton's brother, by appointment, met the recipient of the letter and offered him five hundred dollars for it. When Brownell did not produce it, G. Clyde Fulton warned him in this language:

"If you have given up the correspondence of Mitchell and my brother, it will be your ruin, and you will be a traitor and an outcast."

Hall faithfully kept his agreement. Neither Brownell nor Campbell was indicted, and when Francis J. Heney took charge of the land-fraud cases he found that the statute of limitations had run against their offenses. But the bargain made in Washington was never carried out. Heney, having his suspicions of Hall aroused,

secured his discharge from office, and finally indicted him.

When Heney began to suspect that Hall was using his official position to protect the land thieves, when he was tired and disheartened by the united front of opposition with which the people of Oregon met him, he went to the one man in the State in whom he had learned to have confidence, and from whom he received sympathy—a judge who is now dead. He asked this judge if there was any lawyer in Oregon to whom he could go, not necessarily in a professional way, but for impersonal aid. This judge recommended, as the best lawyer in the State to rely on, William C. Bristol. Later, when he got the evidence to convince Washington that Hall was not filling his office in good faith, he recommended that Bristol be made United States Attorney. Acting on this suggestion—for he had ceased to receive such recommendations from Senator Fulton—the President sent to the Senate the nomination of Bristol to be United States Attorney for the District of Oregon. The appointment caused Senator Fulton much uneasiness. He was under strong pressure from the boys back home in Oregon to head off that appointment at any cost.

"I want to urge you [reads one wailing letter sent to him] to defeat the confirmation . . . of the district attorney . . . if it is possible for you to do so. There is no disguising the fact that when the President went around you in making this appointment, it was a serious blow to you in this State; but if you can prevent his confirmation, it will restate you here by showing that you wield a strong influence in the Senate. But, whatever you do, do not allow this appointee to be confirmed if you can possibly prevent it. I have discussed this question with a number of your best friends and they heartily agree with me upon the proposition. We would rather see you fight and be beaten than to give in. To fight and lose would strengthen you more than an acquiescence. Very sincerely your friend, "JOHN H. HALL."

The writer of this communication had all of that strong personal interest in the matter which the somewhat anxious tone of his letter indicates. He is the same Hall who was discharged from the office of United States Attorney and subsequently indicted. If he goes to jail it will be through the efforts of the United States Attorney for the District of Oregon. Naturally Hall has an anxious personal interest in who shall fill that office.

#### The Attack on Bristol

Finally, Senator Fulton, seeking some way of preventing the appointment, made a charge against Bristol's professional standing. He claimed that Bristol had once been guilty of unprofessional conduct. This turn in affairs brought undiluted satisfaction and blooming hope to the boys back home in Oregon.

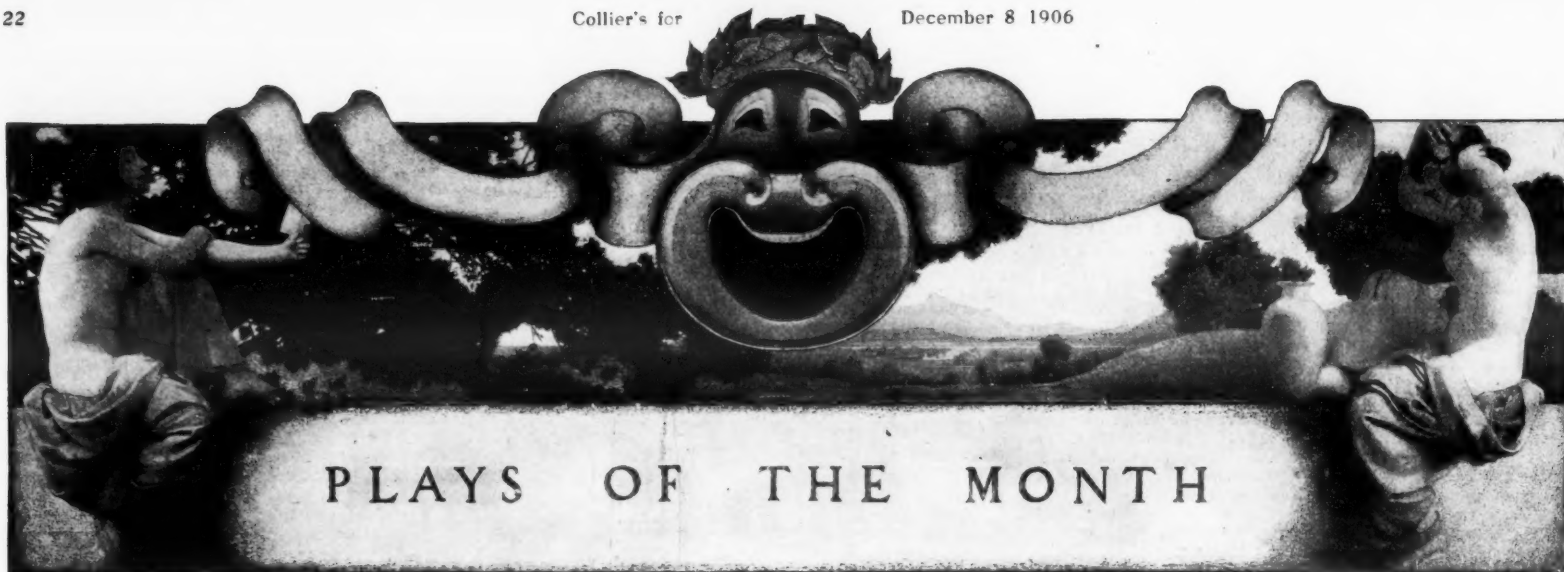
"Dear Senator [one of them wrote to Senator Fulton], I congratulate you on the way the good work is progressing in respect to our friend B. Do not let the matter rest. The boys are shaking hands with each other over the result. The idea was a good one. The least suspicion of graft on the part of B. is enough in itself to cause the President to recall the appointment. I think the matter will take care of itself now. As ever, yours, "CHARLES F. CAREY."

The writer of this letter, like Hall, had an intimate personal interest in the appointment. His law partner, a wealthy man named Mays, like Hall, was under indictment and awaiting trial for land frauds. If he was ever to go behind the bars it would be largely through the energetic efforts of a vigilant United States Attorney for Oregon. Naturally, Mr. Mays and his law partner, Mr. Carey, had interests in the appointment of that official strong enough to appeal to Senator Fulton.

All the evidence Senator Fulton had concerning Mr. Bristol's unprofessional conduct consisted of an old letter. This Senator Fulton turned over to the President. The President submitted it to four members of his Cabinet, all lawyers. They examined the letter, and cleared Bristol. Then the President stood by his guns. Under strong pressure from the boys under indictment back home in Oregon, Fulton maintained his whimpering bluff, and wailed loudly for Senatorial Courtesy.

And Senatorial Courtesy came to his comfort. When the Senate adjourned last June, Bristol's appointment was still unconfirmed. Immediately, the President made a recess appointment, good until the Senate meets again. By virtue of this, Bristol is hard at work, making heaps of trouble for the boys back home in Oregon, certain thieves of high degree who have strong claims on the sympathy of Senator Fulton. One of these, whom he convicted last summer, was the wealthy man Mays mentioned above. The Senate having met again, doubtless Fulton will again call for Senatorial Courtesy, and the Senate of the United States must either stand by its rule in an odious case or yield to the President in the matter of appointing William C. Bristol as United States Attorney for Oregon.

While the responsibility rests on the Senate as a whole, the direct burden must be borne by two members of the Committee on Judiciary—Senators Foraker and Kittredge. They know what manner of man is their colleague from Oregon. Yet they gave ear to Senator Fulton, and refused to report a nomination which President Roosevelt had made to insure the prosecution of criminals engaged in stealing the public domain of the United States.



HEADPIECE BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

## PLAYS OF THE MONTH

BY ARTHUR RUHL

MR. BERNARD SHAW once announced that after witnessing the performances at the London theatres his bones began to perish. He fell from heights and broke them in pieces. The doctors told him that he had not eaten meat for twenty years, and that he must eat it or die. Mr. Shaw told the doctors that he had been going to the London theatres for three years, and the soul of him had become inane and was feeding unnaturally on his body. What would Mr. Shaw say if he should come upon his own "Caesar and Cleopatra" after he had been going to the New York musical comedies for three years?

Undoubtedly he would declare that the sight of it filled him with acute misery. "You," he would say, "see in this an occasion for merriment. I see sorrow and horror and shame. You say it is funny. I say: It is so funny that it makes all the musical comedies, burlesques, attempts at joke-plays whatsoever, seem the pale gibbering of starved souls, the mere desquamation of desiccated minds. I look on this play and say: Why can't somebody else write like this? Pity and sorrow oppress me. Is sorrow funny? Is starvation a joke? If 713 doddering old women are picking up crusts in the street, is it amusing to see the President of the Bun Trust whirl past in his automobile? I—"

In other words, having no reputation to sustain in the paradoxical vein, one may commend this comic-opera-without-music wholeheartedly and utterly. It is a privilege which Mr. Shaw does not always permit us. He is at times cruel and unprincipled. Being brilliant beyond all reason, he is able to take 100 truth and 100 wit and polemic skill and make it seem 100 truth. Then, further arming himself by assuming the virtuous air of an Exposer of Sham, he sallies forth, slapsticking the easiest victims he can find in the places where they are tenderest. A purely egoistic amusement, it is, of course, rather brutal, not to say cowardly. It is as though Mr. Jim Jeffries should walk down the street knocking down all the children he met, feeling his biceps the while and saying: "I'm the only one with the courage to do this. Am I not brave?" A man with Mr. Shaw's cleverness ought to have some sort of sense of responsibility. His brain is a Trust. He ought to be regulated.

## Insulating a Live Intellect

IN "Caesar and Cleopatra," however, our Intellectual Slapstick Man turns, so to speak, from breaking babies' rattles and knocking schoolgirls down, and, mounting a platform, gives a bag-punching exhibition which exhibits all his agility and skill and can't possibly hurt any one. The play scarcely offers more ground for critical examination than musical comedy, which in general point of view it follows. The difference is that the wit is Mr. Shaw's instead of that of the usual libretto-carpenter, the point of view that of a man of genius who plays with intellectual ideas infinitely more nimbly than the libretto-carpenter juggles what pass for ideas on Broadway.

For those who have seen the play, therefore, nothing can be said about it which the lines do not say a thousand times better for themselves. For those who have not had that amusement it might be said—if one must indulge in the unprofitable business of explaining jokes—that perhaps its most characteristic quality is the manner in which its ancient Romans and Egyptians, whenever the author so wishes it, under a thin veil of local color and words slightly figurative, speak the language of complete modernity. Mr. Shaw, of course, declaring that the human race has not improved in the last sixty-seven generations, would conclude that such anachronisms are impossible, but for ordinary purposes of explanation they may be said to exist. Observe, for instance, Brittanus, a captured Briton, taken to Egypt by Caesar as his secretary. National character being a product of climate, the ancient Briton, Mr. Shaw avers in one of his notes, would exhibit the characteristics of the modern Briton not in a lesser but in a greater degree, inasmuch as "modern Britain disforested, drained, urbanified, and consequently cosmopolitan, is presumably less characteristically British than Caesar's Britain." Brittanus appears, therefore, in a Roman toga and a long, sandy, drooping mustache and talks with complete lack of humor in a broad British accent. Through him and his observa-

tions, the author, engages in characteristic fashion with imperialism, the Irish question, and various aspects of British Respectability.

"Is it true," asks Cleopatra, for instance, "that when Caesar caught you on that island you were painted all over blue?"

"Blue," observes Brittanus, lifting his eyebrows, "is the color worn by all Britons of good standing. In war we stain our bodies blue, so that, though our enemies may strip us of our clothes and our lives, they can not strip us of our respectability!"

## Mr. Shaw's Improvements on Shakespeare

THROUGH Apollodorus, "a dashing young man of about twenty-four, handsome and debonaire, dressed with deliberate estheticism in the most delicate purples and dove grays," Mr. Shaw is able to hoot at artists and the esthetic pose in general. For instance, Apollodorus, on his way to Cleopatra with some beautiful carpets, is stopped by the matter-of-fact Roman sentinel, a wiry young man armed with a pilum.

SENTINEL (not at all impressed, pointing to the carpets): "And what is all this truck?"

APOLLODORUS: "Carpets for the furnishing of the Queen's apartments. I have picked them from the best carpets in the world; and the Queen shall choose the best of my choosing."

SENTINEL: "So you are a carpet merchant?"

APOLLODORUS (hurt): "My friend, I am a Patrician."

SENTINEL: "A Patrician! A Patrician keeping a shop instead of following arms?"

APOLLODORUS: "I do not keep a shop. Mine is a temple of the arts. I am a worshiper of beauty. My calling is to choose beautiful things for beautiful Queens. My motto is Art for Art's Sake."

SENTINEL: "That is not the password."

APOLLODORUS: "It is a universal password."

SENTINEL: "I know nothing about universal passwords. Either give me the password for the day or get back to your shop."

This last episode is not presented, the third act being omitted, but it is typical of the general point of view and drift. Thus Theodotus is brought in to accuse Caesar of setting fire to the Alexandria library.

"You will go down to posterity as a barbarous soldier, too ignorant to know the value of books!" cries the excited old gentleman.

"Theodotus," observes Caesar, with that benign and Jove-like smile of which Mr. Forbes-Robertson is such a master, "I am an author myself; and I tell you it is better that the Egyptians should live their lives than dream them away with the help of books." Having slapped the contemplative life, Mr. Shaw with characteristic vivacity a moment later causes Caesar to deplore: "Oh, the military life! this tedious, brutal life of action! That is the worst of us Romans; we are mere doers and drudgers: a swarm of bees turned into men. Give me a good talker—one with wit and imagination enough to live without continually doing something!"

## A New Caesar and Cleopatra

CAESAR is made fifty-four years old and Cleopatra sixteen. He is a very engaging, wholly self-sufficient person, gracious, passion-

less, never at a loss, and gifted with an exquisite sense of humor. These qualities are brought out and thrown in more salient relief by the girlishness of Cleopatra. She is made quite a child, a child-princess of ancient Egypt—utterly ignorant of the world outside her own feminine instincts—romantic, capricious, ardent, and wilful. She is first revealed just as the dawn is spreading over the desert.

"Blackness and stillness," observes Mr. Shaw, including in a stage direction the lyricism he disdains in the text, "breaks softly into silver mist and strange airs at the dawning of the moon. It rises full over the desert; and a vast horizon comes into relief, broken by a huge shape which soon reveals itself in the spreading radiance as a Sphinx pedestaled on the sands. The light still clears, until the upraised eyes of the image are distinguished looking straight forward and upward in infinite fearless vigil, and a mass of color between its great paws defines itself as a heap of red poppies on which a girl lies motionless, her silken vest heaving gently, and her braided hair glittering in a shaft of moonlight like a bird's wing." Caesar enters, and addresses an apostrophe to the Sphinx. In the height of it Cleopatra awakes and, peeping cautiously, calls out: "Old gentleman!" and begs him not to run away.

This the first meeting of these historic personages. She and Caesar get on tremendously in a sort of little-girl-and-her-uncle fashion, although she must admit that, in appearance, he is old and rather stringy.

Cleopatra likes young men with round, strong arms, though she is rather afraid of them. She remembers such a one, Antony, who came over the desert with many horsemen when she was only twelve years old. She wishes Antony had come with Caesar. Perhaps he wouldn't think she was a mere kitten. Could she possibly be his first love? Caesar fears that is doubtful. Antony is much admired. And is he still beautiful? Do his strong round arms shine in the sun like marble? "He is in excellent condition," observes Caesar with urbanity.

## Real "Play" in its Best Sense

WITH all his pyrotechnics and mere "jollying" Mr. Shaw has somehow managed to give both his principal characters personalities not only plausible, but gifted with a very unconventional charm. There is something about this slim little princess calculated to puzzle those who believe that Mr. Shaw is innocent of "heart" or of any real warmth in his gizzard. Not a little of this happy impression is due to the exceedingly neat performance of Miss Gertrude Elliott.

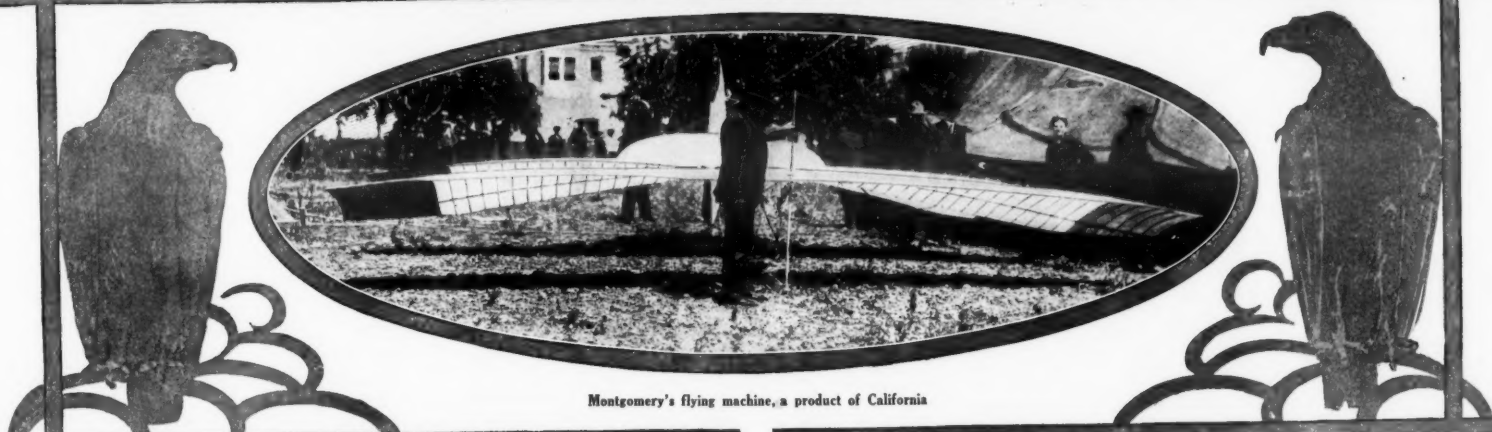
Those familiar with Mr. Forbes-Robertson's Hamlet need not be told what beauties of voice and diction, what grace and distinction of face and of manner, he brings to the rôle. Without ceasing at any time to be Caesar, in the sense of his dignity and power, he at the same time speaks and suffuses his countenance—as it were, surveys his part—with a certain finely intellectual and Jove-like humor which is the very soul of it. The production is handsome and elaborately thought out. To have so much high talent applied upon what, in the best sense of the word, is "play," calls for gratitude to author and players alike.



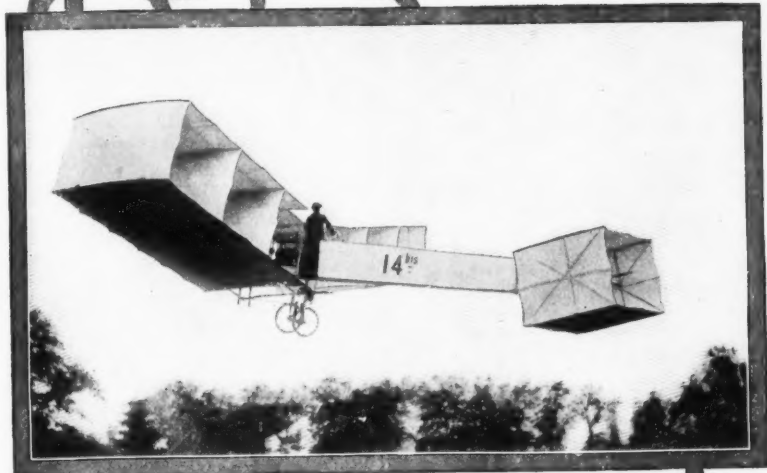
Mr Forbes-Robertson as Caesar



# DEVELOPING THE AEROPLANE



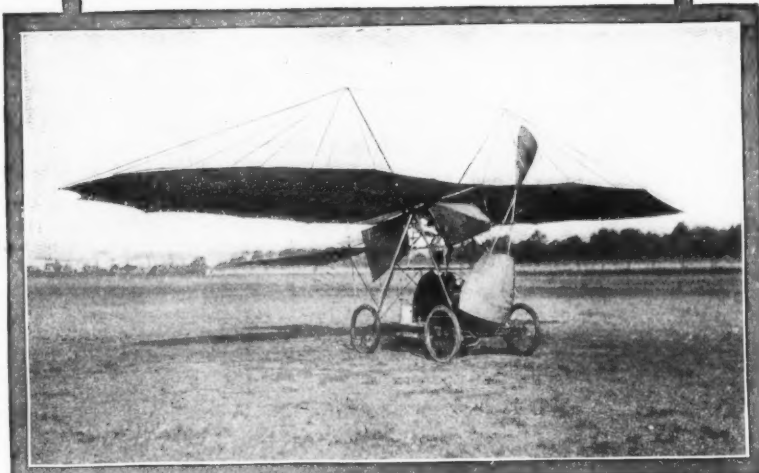
Montgomery's flying machine, a product of California



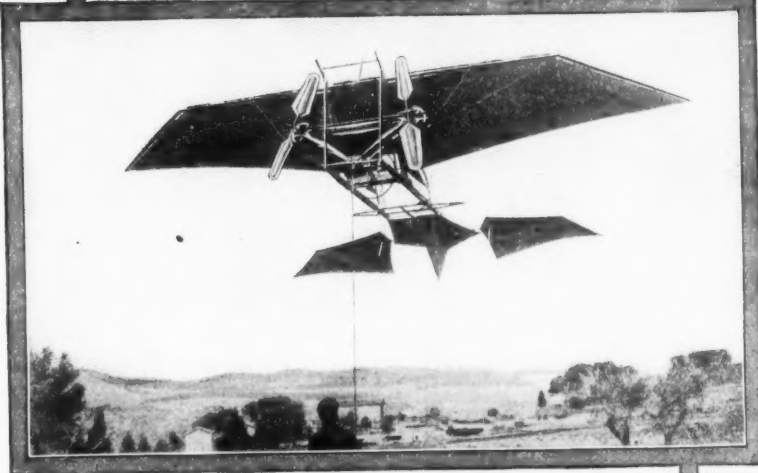
Santos-Dumont's latest development of the aeroplane



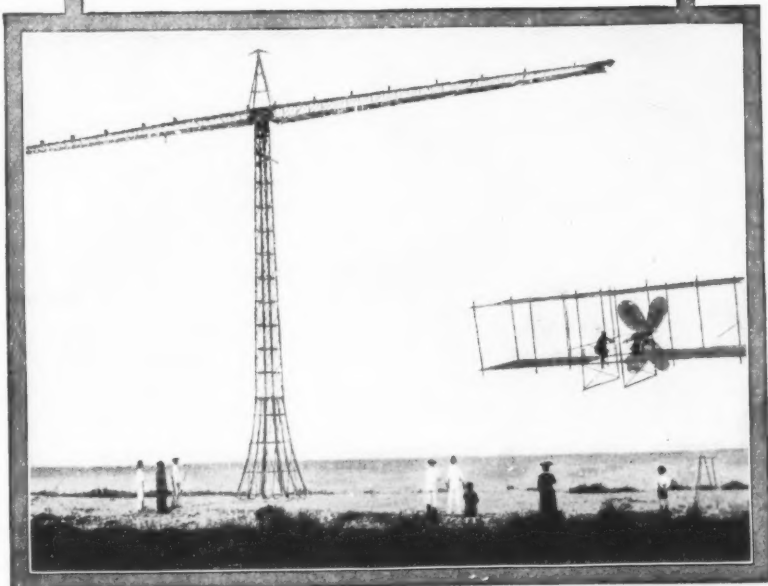
Eliot's aeroplane in operation near Paris



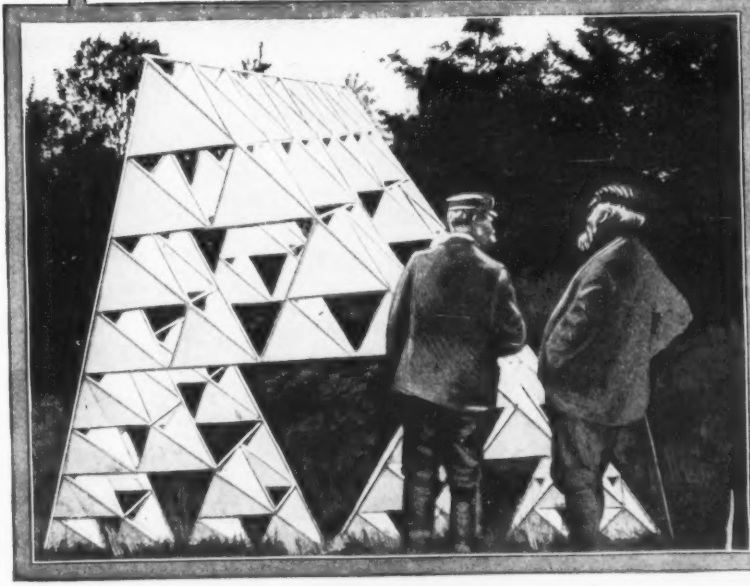
Vina's type has bicycle wheels



Barlattie's machine flying near Marseilles



The French army's machine for experimenting with aeroplanes



Professor Graham Bell's "Tetrahedral Kite"

SANTOS-DUMONT says: "Within a year the aeroplane will be in common use for flying"

# FORSAKEN MOUNTAIN



**S**NOW, snow, snow. Steadily, pitilessly it had come down, for a week. Not a train had run through to cheer our isolation. We hung to the warm, full-blooded world only by the slim nerve of the telegraph wire that stretched invisibly into the distances, Wayne and I; and to us there clung, avidly and desperately, by another reach of the metal thread, two more isolate than we. For around us covered the little hamlet of Garrawold, while Mowbray and Jackson of the Government Survey's outpost on Forsaken Mountain reckoned us their nearest neighbors, and we were thirty-two miles across the frozen northern highlands from the station where they had wearied through the winter in two-man loneliness.

The whiteness and silence had got on our nerves. And if it was hard on us, judge how much worse it was for that pair, winter-marooned as they were. Little enough chance did they give us to forget it. The wire kept hot and tingling with their irritation and complaints. Most often it was the crisp, staccato telegraphy of Mowbray, who was an expert operator.

"Coming down harder and faster than ever. Did you ever see such a curse of weather?" Then he would ramble off into speculations on the genealogy of the weather man.

Next, Jackson, the assistant, would take hold and send his unpractised Morse stumbling along the wire. Queries were his way mostly. "Clearing any down in your direction?" or: "Get any weather news from the East?" or maybe a half pitiful hope: "Can't be much more left, can there?"

One or the other of them was at it half the time, particularly in the evenings. It was all they had to do, you see, and strict attention to a telegraph wire will sometimes keep a man from seeing and hearing things that aren't there. If you've ever spent weeks in a cut-off world you'll know what I mean.

One noon, when Jackson had finished filtering out the morning's news—it concerned itself with his failure to shoot a storm-strayed bird with Mowbray's revolver, for they needed fresh meat—Wayne turned to me and opened a new line of inquiry.

"What kind of a duck do you figure this Jackson to be?"

We knew Mowbray pretty well, but neither of us had ever seen his companion. He had come to his post from somewhere West, dropping off a way-train on the further slope of the mountains, and since then the snow hadn't given him much chance to make any visits. So our acquaintance was wholly by wire.

"By his Morse he's a tenderfoot," I said, with the scorn of the newly adept for the amateur. "His o's are all broken up into double-e's, and his l's are so long that—"

"Don't I know that?" broke in Wayne. "What do you figure him to look and be? That's what I'm asking you."

"Well, that flurry way of his on the wire means he's a slack one. His touch is heavy; he's variable and uncertain, and he gets rattled if you break in. I seem to see a big, sloppy-built sort of sour-faced chap who maybe mightn't be quite all there if you wanted him at a pinch. Probably I'm away off, but there's something queer about his tick-talk. Something besides inefficiency, I mean."

"Think so?" said Wayne, looking at me hard. "I reckon perhaps you're right. From what I once heard he's a queer lot. It wasn't very definite, but there were drugs in it."

"Whew!" I whistled. "Not a very pleasant chum for poor, nervous Mowbray."

"I'm for going up there to take a look if this old bliz ever breaks," remarked Wayne. "Someway there's something about the messages I don't just favor. Just a little smell of some trouble I don't quite savvy."

It was the eighth day, I think, of uninterrupted

## A DEAD MAN WHO WOULD NOT STAY DEAD

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

snowfall—a Sunday morning—when the trouble began to take shape. Jackson called up early, and his introductory "M-Q; M-Q; M-Q" was more puttering than usual.

"I'm sick," he ticked out painfully. "My head's all hot and wrong. My eyes ain't good, either." Then the hopeless question, grown sorrowful by iteration: "No signs of clearing yet, I suppose?"

"Nothing yet," I answered him. "Cheer up, old man. Better go to bed and have Mowbray give you a dose of whisky."

The answer gave me a jolt. "Mowbray can't touch me. I'm onto him. I don't want to die just yet."

"Let me have the wire," cried Wayne; and as I relinquished the button to him he sent a call for Mowbray which presently got a reply. Wayne sent a brief query.

"Yes; Jackson's 'way off," came back in Mowbray's virile, clean-cut Morse. "Went off his head yesterday evening and came for me with a chair. Had hard work standing him off. This morning he's been muttering about showing me up to you fellows, bu—"

Right in the midst of the word it broke off. Wayne and I came to our feet and stared at each other. The clock on the end wall put on extra pressure immediately and began to tick off the seconds like a trip-hammer. One minute—two minutes—three minutes; and I pictured at the other end of the slender steel wire, two men tight-locked, who gripped at the living breath in each other's throats. I jumped as if shot when the wire resumed:

"Just went for me again. I had to hit him with the gun. Now he's sitting in his chair crying and saying that he knew I wanted to murder him. What will I do? What will I do?"

Wayne went back at him with one word: "Crazy?"

"Delirium, I reckon. Pretty high fever and his eyes are wild. He's got some stuff he says is medicine, and he takes it pretty steady. I can't get him to bed. He sits there across from me with his elbows on the table and his chin in his fists and just stares at me." So far the message had run clean. Now there was a sudden, startling sputter to the wire. "My God, boys; I can't stand this long! Can't you get a party through some-way?"

Wayne and I looked at each other and then out into the wild blur of snow. "We'd be lost, ten rods from the shack," said I.

"No need to tell me that," said Wayne, and he wired: "Start as soon as ever we can. Old Man Winter has sat right down on the track, but I don't reckon he can keep set much longer without getting cramps. Give us a little leeway and we'll be there."

"That's all right, and thanks." Mowbray had control of himself again. "I know it would be sure death to tackle the trip while she's coming down like this. If I can keep awake, we'll pull through O. K."

"Keep awake? What for? Better get some sleep."

"With him sitting there? What mightn't he do to himself—or me?"

"Well, keep us wise. We'll want to know how you come along."

"All right." Then, hesitantly: "You wouldn't mind if I should call you up maybe in the night?" There was a long pause. Then: "I'm frightened."

"Poor devil! Poor devil!" half-whispered Wayne. Striding over to the window, he stared vindictively into the white maelstrom. It only came down the swifter.

That evening we got our last message from the living Jackson:

"Help! Help! Help! Help! Help!"

That was all; those five stumbling, long-l'd, piteous

appeals. Before we could make any move Mowbray supplemented the message:

"He's worse. Been muttering and prowling all evening. Got to the wire while I was after water. Now he's back in his place with his chin in his fists, staring at me again." The wire birred for a moment

as if the hand at the key had been convulsed by a chill. "He's a devil from hell," it chattered.

Wayne and I looked at each other aghast. "Mowbray, too!" he said. "He's going the same way."

I got to the instrument. "Steady, steady, old man!" I sent. "Get onto yourself. Remember he's a sick man. It's up to you to take care of him."

"Right." The response came a little more calmly, though the style was still strained and unnatural. "I won't let his eyes phase me again. But they're red and fiery inside."

"Bad business," commented Wayne hoarsely.

In the middle of the night I heard the same remark from his bunk. I wondered what his picture of the shack on Forsaken Mountain might be. From the fact that he hadn't been asleep I judged it might be a twin to mine.

Monday morning came with a rise of wind. That was hopeful; any change was hopeful. I wired this to Mowbray, but got no response. Nor to anything else. How bitter long that morning was! Not a tick could we get from the men on the mountain, though both of us tried, time and again. Then at 3 P. M. the wire went crazy.

"M-Q; M-Q; M-Q," over and over again. Just our plain call, but oh, the sound of it!

Something there is in the electric current that carries not only the words but the spirit of the sender. Every operator knows this. Once I heard a message from a poor devil of a railroad despatcher shot through the lungs, and each separate letter was like a throb of agony. Now in the panic haste of Mowbray's call, I caught the note of a freezing, frenzied terror. To throw open the switch and answer was the work of a second, but when I closed for the message the call continued until my frazzled nerves rang with it. Wayne, who had been outside, came in at the leap.

"Who's that?" he exclaimed. "It ain't—yes; it is Mowbray. But what in Heaven's name is the matter with him?"

I threw up a hand. "Hush. It's coming."

It came. How it rattled from the sounder, words fleeing in huddled fear from their own meaning!

"He's dead. Dead, I tell you. He sits there with his elbows on the table and his chin in his fists, staring at me. He don't speak. He don't move. He don't breathe. He's dead, and his eyes are open and they burn like fire. M-Q; M-Q; M-Q; M-Q. Can't you answer? For the love of the pitying Christ, come and get me!" The wire wailed and clacked into silence like a sick man's weeping.

My fingers slipped from the key, cramped and nerveless.

"You do it," I said to Wayne. "I can't."

As he ticked off his message his hand shook so that I should never have recognized the work.

"Pull yourself together, old man," he wired. "We'll stick by you. We're right here. Keep up your nerve. Perhaps he isn't dead. If he was he couldn't hold his head up. He's only unconscious."

"No; no; no." The words fairly sprang from the sounder. "He's dead. He's waiting for me to touch him. Then he'll grab me with those stiff arms of his and drag me down to hell with him."

"Now, Mowbray. Now, old fellow," soothed Wayne. "Don't you go getting notions. You just shut your eyes so you can't see him, and stick to the key while I talk to you."

As he rattled it out he whirled on me and fiercely whispered—whispered, mind you, for fear he'd be heard by that poor, haunted creature, thirty miles away and more—"Quick! Tell me what to say to him."

What it was I told him, what it was he put on the



wire I have mercifully forgotten. In the knowledge that we were fighting for a friend's reason against a horror that I dared not picture, my brain went blank, and I think I babbled. Soon Mowbray began again:

"Dead! dead! dead! I saw him die. He cursed me and said: 'Mowbray, I won't go alone.' Then there was a click in his throat and the life went out. All but his eyes. They're burning me now. May the God of all the Devils—" and the message tailed off into horrible, vacuous blasphemies.

All that afternoon we two, spell and spell, toiled and sweated over the wire, pouring out our feeble encouragements. From time to time we would get a reply; always the same reply.

"He died cursing me. 'I'll not go alone, Mowbray.' That's what he said. Lord of pity, what had I ever done! What had I ever done!"

It was a message of Wayne's that for a moment got him on another trail.

"I can't think; can't, I tell you," he replied to Wayne's plea. "I can't pray, either. I tried. If only I had a Bible." Then—"That's what he said, just before he died. 'I'll not go al—'"

Wayne cut off. "Get out your Bible," he shouted at me. "Not got any?" He cursed savagely. "Hustle for one, then. Try Stack's wife. Women usually—"

Before he got any further I was out of the door. When I returned, it was with a frayed old King James, and the only three able-bodied grown men in the settlement. For three hours thereafter four gray-faced creatures pored over the Book of Comfort copying out texts for a fifth man to translate into code and put on the wire. Of us five in that room Jim Harting was an outlaw and murderer; Rustler Cobb, a braggart atheist; Michaels, a stranded barkeep; while Wayne and I—well, we weren't exactly church members. But it was no time for fine distinctions. All that could be heard above the ticking of the instrument was: "How'll this do? 'Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son?'" or "This ought to hit him: 'Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness'"—and then the soft shuffle of a pencil. I'll bet there hasn't been that much Holy Writ on a wire since old War Correspondent Forbes held the line all night with the Book of Genesis.

It was near nine o'clock when we got the first encouragement. Wayne's face brightened. "He's sent a repeat call for that," he said.

Again he gave Mowbray the passage: "I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God; in him will I trust. . . . Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. . . . For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

"That means something," came Mowbray's answer. "There's light and hope there." Once more and very slowly Wayne gave it to him. Have you any notion how solemn dots and dashes can sound? I give you my word, that promise, as Wayne sent it in the code, was like soft music in a cathedral. Michaels, the barkeep, cried; he doesn't know whether three dots means the letter S or Johnny-get-your-gun, but he cried like a baby.

"Mowbray's coming around," said Wayne, as the wire responded again. I translated the message freely from the ticker for the benefit of the others.

"He says he's over it now; that he's been off his head, but feels better. He says he'll bury Jackson to-night."

"Bury him! Alive?" cried Cobb.

"You'll have to hold him from that, Wayne," added Harting. "On his own showing Jackson ain't probably no more than unconscious." For we had outlined the situation to them, and they had drawn their conclusions.

But toil as he might, Wayne could get no further reply from Forsaken Mountain. Mowbray had left his end. My imagination annihilated the distance, and I pictured two figures, one stiffening beside a frozen sepulture at which the other toiled, and the blizzard whitely shrouding both. I must have said something inane about starting a rescue party, for Wayne turned on me and said:

"Don't be a fool, Sid. You'd better go to bed."

No bed that night for me; no bed for either of us. At midnight the three men went home, keeping very close together as they passed out. I noticed. Every fifteen minutes Wayne or I called Forsaken Mountain. At 2:40 in the morning Mowbray replied:

"Jackson is buried. Pray for me that I can sleep."

It was his good-night. Nothing further did we get from him. Toward five o'clock I dozed off several times, but each time some unformulated message from

the wire seemed to flicker dimly in my brain. It was as if some very faint but very insistent instrument were calling me. Yet I knew it was not our sounder. Afterward I was to recall this with a dreadful interpretation. Daybreak found us in our chairs. Wayne sent a message to Deluray, the next station eastward, where Doc Whiting was expected that day, asking the doc to come up at the earliest break of weather. Then he suggested bed.

Well, I wouldn't have thought that I could ever sleep sound again, but I was off like a shot as soon as my head touched the pillow. Any length of time it might have been—as a matter of fact, it was only four hours later—when I came broad awake at a jump. The wire did it.

"M-Q; M-Q; M-Q." It was Mowbray all right. But another Mowbray from the sender of the night's wild messages. Wayne was already stumbling toward the big room.

"Sounds better and more reasonable," I called to him.

But his sense of wire-talk was keener than mine. "Don't like it," he growled. "Don't like it for a cent. All the vitality is out of that touch. Sounds like a—" He checked himself and amended: "Something's 'way wrong."

By this time he had reached the table. He acknowledged the call and the message came very steady and deliberate:

"Jackson has come back."

Nothing more. Just that simple, appalling statement.

Wayne lifted his head and grinned vacantly. "What did he say?" he asked in a sick, thick sort of voice. I tried to repeat it. There was no need. The wire did it for me.

"Jackson has come back."

The grin died out of Wayne's face, but I began to laugh. I laughed out of the window because there was more air to laugh in. After Wayne had rubbed some snow into my neck hard, I began to cry.

"That'll do you!" he cried furiously. He sprang at the button again and worked it with a fury that threatened to shatter the instrument. He might as effectually have drummed on the table. Not a click came in response.

That was a long day, Tuesday, March 11. If we sent the B-R call once we sent it five hundred times. Between two spells of calling, about five o'clock that afternoon Mowbray opened up.

"Oh-h-h!" groaned Wayne. "Listen to that style. I hate to take it."



For three hours four gray-faced creatures pored over the Book of Comfort

Lifeless, dull, flaccid, like the voice of a man spent with long illness—that was Mowbray's wire-talk. Yet it ran smooth enough, and sensible enough taken word by word. It began without any signal call whatever. "He's come back and he sits opposite me with his elbows on the table and his chin in his fists, staring at me. He's dead. I buried him. But he's come back. You remember what he said: 'I'll not go alone.' That's what he said. Then he died. Just a little click in his throat and he died. Jackson died. But he's come back."

Into the pause I rushed with a wild appeal. The answer came quite coolly:

"Yes; I take you all right. I'm not insane. You don't understand. How could you? If it's a hallucination it's a strange one, for I've touched it and it's cold."

That sent me to the open again for more air. Wayne took the key.

"Just hang on, Mowbray. We start to-morrow morning. Weather Bureau reports warm spell due." As if

in derision of this impromptu lie a furious gust clutched and shook the building until its bones rattled. Moreover, the gale of the night before had cut us off from the east. The wire to Forsaken Mountain was now the only one left.

As a heartener Wayne's proffer was a dead failure anyway.

"Not the slightest use," Mowbray sent back in his deadened, sodden Morse. "I'm a doomed man. All I want is not to go with Jackson. I must get him buried. Snow isn't enough to keep him down. I'll have to thaw the ground and give him a real grave in earth."

"It'll take him till midnight to build a fire and thaw the ground enough to make any kind of grave," muttered Wayne. "We'll get nothing further till he's finished. Let the boys watch, and we'll turn in." For our three friends had volunteered to relieve us.

At 1 A. M. they called us to get Mowbray's message. Brief enough it was. He had interred Jackson and hoped for peace.

"Or death," he added simply. He was to go to bed and advised us to do the same. You would have thought that we were the suffering ones, and he the kindly adviser; but his calmness, we well knew, was the calmness of despair. Sending the watchers home, we turned in, one of us at least, with a hateful and certain foreboding of what was to come on the morrow. But there was much between us and morning light.

At three o'clock I awoke suddenly with a strong sense of summons. It was the identical feeling I had experienced when dozing in my chair the night before, but much intensified. In the same mysterious way it connected itself with the telegraph instrument. I leaned out of my bunk and heard Wayne stir.

"What's the matter, Sid?" he asked. "Hear something?"

"I don't know that I exactly heard anything," I replied. "I just sort of felt a call. Nerves, I reckon."

"Had 'em myself, then, a few minutes back," he said.

"The ticker?"

"Yes."

"That's queer. I could have sworn—"

It cut him off sharp as a blow on the mouth. Both of us leaped out and rushed to the instrument. For it was softly, faintly fluttering. Yet I knew with all the deadly certainty of terror that it was not Mowbray. And every other wire was down! The little, metal bar stammered and choked into silence.

"It's trying to say something; trying so hard," whispered Wayne pityingly. He spoke as of a suffering creature. His hand went out; I believe he was about to fondle the instrument, but it burred sharply once and was still. Had it tried to tell us the dread secret hidden in that room on Forsaken Mountain?

Daylight found us still close to the wire, but there had been no other attempt. At eight o'clock I fell asleep in my chair. Nine o'clock came; ten, eleven, and still no word from Mowbray. Was this a good omen or an evil? With that imperative call still tugging at my spirit's sleeve, I could believe nothing but the worst. To call Mowbray we would not venture; the sound might wake him from a sleep that was refreshing his reason. But at noon he took the wire himself.

"Jackson has come back."

The same dread message in the same dreadful, lifeless Morse. This time it was the less shock, in that we both expected it, though it would have been hard to say why. Wayne turned from the table with what was well intended for a curse. But I think it was a sob.

"He means what he said," went on Mowbray. "He cursed me before he died. 'I'll not go alone, Mowbray.' That's what he said, and now he's sitting there opposite, with his elbows on the table and his chin in his fists, staring at me. I found him when I got up this morning, and I've been sitting it out with him ever since. It's no use. He can't tell me what he wants. His lips are frozen. He longs to speak, but he can't. But I know. 'I'll not go alone, Mowbray,' he said. And his eyes burn like fire. I must think; I must go outside and lie down and think."

"He'll freeze if he does," I gasped.

"It's an easy death," returned Wayne grimly.

"Jackson'll not go alone."

"Stop it, damn you!" I shouted, and Wayne snarled back at me:

"Well, ain't it been enough to drive any one nutty?"

Mowbray was not to go by the easy path of freezing. His nerveless touch on the key, some two hours later, roused us from the apathy into which we had fallen.

"I have made up my mind," ran the dull, even ticks.

"He has come back after me. 'I'll not go alone, Mowbray.' That's what he said. So, he's come to get me. I must bury him all over; and when he comes back I must bury him again and again and again. But sooner or later he'll find me asleep and then—" The sounder

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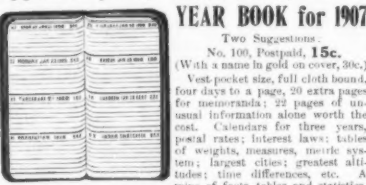
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## FORSAKEN MOUNTAIN

(Continued from page 25)

paused. For the ending we were left to our own imaginings. It continued: "I want a prayer to say over his grave. I forgot it before. Perhaps that's why he won't let me rest. Send me a prayer for the dead."

We filled the wire with supplications, begging Mowbray to keep his mind fixed on our messages and forget Jackson. But we could get only one reply: "Send me a prayer for the dead. I must have it within three hours."

At three o'clock we sent him all that our combined memories could recall of the burial service, beginning: "I am the resurrection and the life." It must have been a pitiful travesty, but Mowbray answered with, "Thank you and God bless you."

At ten o'clock we got this for a good-night:

"I've buried him deeper than before and said a prayer for both of us."

At three o'clock that morning, I awoke to hear the weird flutter of the ticker and to see Wayne hurrying out into the big room. In a few steps I was beside him.

"The wire is finding its voice," he said. "Listen. Oh, listen!"

"M-Q; M-Q; M-Q." It was very faint, but quite readable.

"Do you recognize it?" whispered Wayne.

"M-Q; M-Q; M-Q." It grew more distinct. I tried to find my voice, which seemed to have encountered an obstruction half-way up my throat.

"Don't you know who that is?" insisted Wayne. "Could you ever mistake that stammer in the dash?"

My voice broke with a sudden clamor. "No; no; no! It isn't him!"

"Jackson it is," said Wayne, coolly. I marveled afterward that the words didn't strangle him. "Take the wire while I get something."

Lighting the lamp he brought from his locker the bottle of brandy kept there for emergencies. "I've a notion we may need it," he explained quietly.

"M-Q; M-Q; M-Q." Loud and clear, now; there was no mistaking that hesitant, nervous touch. Yet there was something unlike, too; something that stabbed my heart like a fanged poison. I threw the switch open. Straight on my answer the call clicked again. From above me came a gasping sob. I whirled in dismay to look into Wayne's face; but he had instant control of himself and said, steadily:

"All right, Sid. I'll take charge now."

"M-Q; M-Q; M-Q." sounded the patient, stammering signal as Wayne seated himself.

With a sure hand he returned the acknowledgment of the call. But as he leaned forward over the table it was with a shivering whisper: "Help me stick it out, O Lord!"

"M-Q; M-Q; M-Q." clacked the metal again, and there followed that strange, convulsive birring which had so startled us before.

I started to speak, but Wayne checked me. "Sh-h-h-h! Here it comes."

Then I heard the message that shall ring in my brain till I die, staggering into fearful meaning from the wire, as slow words are gasped out in man's final agony. It seemed to come not so much from the wire as from the whole unseen world of terrors that enfolded us; the dim, horror-saturated atmosphere thrilled and throbbled in its every particle to Jackson's slow-fluttering invocation.

"For—God's—pity—let—me—rest. For—God's—dear—love—let—me—lie—quiet. In—the—name—of—the—pitying—Father—bring—me—peace—and—un-broken—sleep."

A strangled cry from Wayne recalled me to the moment. His hands were groping blindly along the table. One of them struck the brandy bottle. "Ah!" he cried, laid hold on it, and worried at the cork with savage teeth. It stuck fast. At one blow he shattered the neck and pressed his lips to it, swallowing the fiery liquid in great gulps. Blood welled from the corner of his mouth, ran in a quick stream down his chin, and spattered upon the table. Through it he gasped:

"You heard it, Sid? You heard it?"

"Yes."

"What was it? What does it mean?"

"Jackson."

"No living Jackson ever sent that. It's the dead Jackson, begging for rest."

His face was absolutely ghastly.

"Jackson can't be dead," I insisted. "I'd swear in court to that wire."

"I'm going to find out, anyhow." Wayne's voice was growing steadier under the stimulus of the brandy. He seized the button again.

"Mo; Mo; Mo," he clicked furiously, giving the personal call for Mowbray. Instantly it was acknowledged.

"Did you send that?" queried Wayne.

"What? No; I sent nothing," came the quick answer, in the unmistakable expert Morse, with the weight of ineffable weariness on the touch. "Your call woke me up."

"Who called, then? Where's Jackson?"

"Buried. Wait. Let me think. How did I get here at the key? I can't remember coming here. Your call roused me and I found myself at the table in the pitch dark. And I went to bed after burying Jackson. My feet are all numb; frozen, I believe. Don't answer for a minute. I want to think."

After a brief pause he resumed.

"No; I can't make it out. I'm here in the big room, and it's very dark. But I don't think I'm alone."

Wayne's hand jerked on the key, but he caught himself and replied:

"There's something I've got to tell you, Mowbray. Can you stand it?"

"Go on," came the steady reply. "I've reached the limits of horror, I guess."

"When I called you just now it was because Jackson had wired us."

"Then he has come back again. I expected this, but not so soon. Wait till I make a light."

Of all the agonizing suspenses we had suffered, this was the worst. But it was brief.

"Jackson has come back," telegraphed Mowbray. "All the time we were talking he was sitting there, elbows on table, chin in fists, staring at me. It was he that wired you. He's dead, but he wired you. He's been after me; now he's after you."

Uttering a choked cry Wayne thrust his chair violently back, and stiffened like a man stricken, with hands outstretched and splay-fingered, warding an imminent prodigy.

"Can't you see him?" he cried. "Can't you see the dead man at the key? He's calling me. Calling—calling—calling! He'll never stop till I go to him. Hold me back!" His voice burst through the boundary-tones of manhood and soared into a shriek of uttermost terror. "Don't let him call me, Sid! Don't let—"

He rose jerkily. Suddenly the light died from his eyes; he clutched at the table and went down in the limp surrender of a man shot through the heart.

It fell to me to recount the whole matter to Doc Whiting, while the others got Wayne to bed. As I talked, I could see that Doc had some clue, or thought he had. He was very particular about the time of the messages from Forsaken Mountain, but when I came to Jackson's last call he looked at me hard.

"Davis, don't you fool yourself about one thing," he said. "Jackson's dead."

"Dead or alive, he wired us not five hours ago."

"It was never Jackson."

"Do you think you could fool me on Jackson's wire-talk?" I cried.

"Davis, you ain't well," said Doc sharply. "You go inside and I'll give you something to make you sleep."

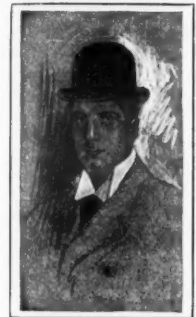
"No, I thank you," I told him. "No closed eyes for mine."

Nor could the doc keep Wayne in bed. He, too, kept seeing that other room whenever he shut his eyes. What he needed was to be with the crowd. Noon found us all, a silent company, gathered around the table to which the now useless instrument was fastened; and as we sat there the sun, suddenly

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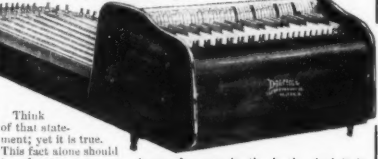
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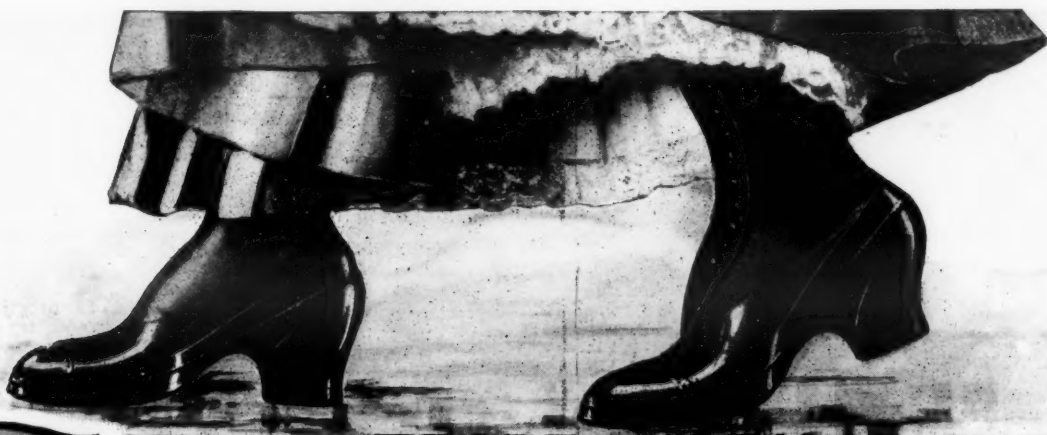
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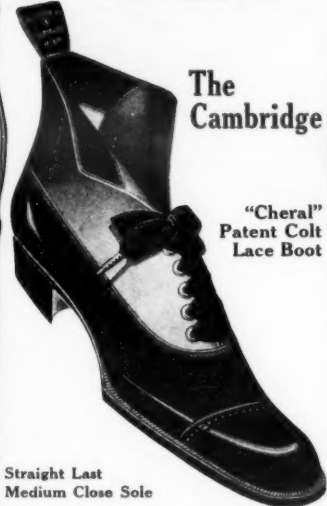
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## FORSAKEN MOUNTAIN

(Continued from page 26)

bursting through the clouds, flooded the place with the signal for the start. In half an hour the little party of six were on their knees. For hours we traveled over the intolerable jewelry of the sunlit snow-fields, to which succeeded the lurid and ghastly splendor of the moon's radiance. Presently the shack on Forsaken Mountain stood forth sharply to our view. And close under it, minified by the distance to pigmy aspect, a human figure moved and toiled against the endless, spotless spread of the snow. Involuntarily we stopped and gazed.

"Only one," said Wayne, low and to himself, and by that I knew that he still cherished a hope long foregone by me, the hope of finding Jackson alive.

Half an hour later we had a closer look; a momentary glimpse of the figure. It was stooping and rising with a regular motion.

"He's digging it up again," said Doc Whiting under his breath; and Michaels, wincing, said, "Don't, Doc."

"Boys, here's where Whiting takes the reins. It's up to you, Doc."

We followed Whiting into the open, and stood waiting. But I do not think the digger even knew we were there. Straightening up his back he dropped his shovel and half turned. May God preserve me from ever seeing again such a face on a human being! It was Mowbray, but there was some vital alteration of the man, something deeper than the lines of agony and horror in his face.

"Oo-oo-oo!" Michaels whispered in the cadence of his lost childhood. "He's lookin' at us, but he don't see us."

Mowbray took an audibly deep breath, straddled the shallow excavation he had made, stooped over, and rose with the half-doubled body of a blond and bearded giant in his arms. Heaving it up to his shoulder he staggered toward the shack. Wayne started forward.

"Stand still," said Doc imperatively. Wayne stopped short.

"Crazy," whispered Michaels. "Dead, clean, mad loony!"

A groan arose from the huddled group. Mowbray had gone to his knees, toppling Jackson's body into the snow. Instantly he was up, clasped the gruesome burden to him with its legs and arms sprawling horribly outward, and so carried it, in a rush, into the shack.

"Now!" cried Doc. "Quietly, boys. Don't go in till I lead."

"Insanity, or delirium?" I whispered to him.

"Neither," he retorted. "There are things that science doesn't know—or name." Then he began muttering something in which I caught words and phrases such as "somniaambulism," "auto-hypnosis," and "substitution of personality."

Meantime the pair inside sat staring at each other, the living and the dead. And the soul of the dead passed into the living, for slowly Mowbray's hand went forth to the key, and I saw with an incredible thrill that the motion terminated, not in the expert's light, assured grip of the button, but in the awkward clutch of the tyro. The sounder fluttered very faintly and with a sinister familiarity. A little louder it flickered; then came the stuttering call: "M-Q; M-Q; M-Q."

And so surely as the Power above gave to Mowbray and Jackson two separate souls, and two different bodies, and two distinct habits of mind and muscle, it was Jackson who was wiring with the hand of Mowbray.

"What's the message?" demanded Doc.

"Jackson, calling for us," I replied without pausing to consider.

"Jackson?" he cried. "Master of Wonders, how it works out!"

"M-Q; M-Q; M-Q," quavered the ticker and broke into Jackson's dreadful appeal.

"For—God's—pity—let—me—rest. For—God's—dear—love—let—me—lie—quiet. In—the—name—of—the—pitying—Father—bring—me—peace—and—unbroken—sleep."

The hand on the key was shaken and the sounder burred in shrill agony.

"Come quietly," said Doc Whiting. He opened the door and passed in, the rest of us close behind him. "Jackson," he said to Mowbray, laying a gentle hand on his shoulder.

"Yes?" was the instant response. "Who is it? What is it?"

At the sound Wayne and I leaped back. For the voice that came from Mowbray's lips was no voice of Mowbray's. Don't ask me whose voice it was. I never had speech of Jackson; no man in that room, save Mowbray, had ever seen him in the life.

"Rest—rest—rest!" went on the strange tones. "For the pity of Christ, give me rest. I've begged them over the wire, but they wouldn't come. I must wire again—again—again."

Jim Harting, murderer and outlaw, turned a drawn and tear-stained face to Doc. "Oh, I can't bear it," he groaned. "For the pity of Christ—" I think he repeated the phrase unconsciously—"help him or kill him, Doc."

Doc drew a vial from his pocket and held it under Mowbray's nostrils. The light died out of the frenzied eyes; the lids fell.

"Get Jackson's body out and bury it," ordered Doc. "I'll stay here."

It was a hasty burial; but complete. When it was over we stood around the grave, and I did what I could in the way of a prayer. A shout cut me short. We found Doc struggling on the floor, with his man down. Delirium had set in and the room rang with hideous ravings. In a lull of exhaustion Doc spoke.

"He's wearing himself out fast. Flesh and blood can't stand it. Unless we can recall him to himself"—His face of frowning gloom supplied the conclusion.

Wayne, who had wandered to the table, aimlessly fumbled with a blank sheet of paper lying there. It fluttered over, and on the reverse side appeared a scrawl of widespread letters. An exclamation broke from Wayne. Straightening up quickly he caught the telegraph key. Mowbray had now begun to mutter and rock his head from side to side. The gloom on Doc Whiting's face deepened.

"Mo; Mo; Mo;" clicked Wayne's telegraphy.

The rocking head poised and was still.

"Mo; Mo; Mo."

The pallid face swiftly and wondrously changed before our eyes. Wasted and worn as it still was, it was now the face of the man we knew, not of the terrible changeling that had dragged the dead body from its grave only to do its bidding. "Stand away, all of you," commanded Doc in sudden, fierce excitement. "Wayne's got him!"

And Wayne, wiring from the scrawled paper he had found, sent its message down to Mowbray in the uttermost depths.

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day. For he shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. . . . Mo; Mo; Mo. . . . Thou shalt not be afraid—"

"I hear." It was the barest whisper from the figure on the floor. "I know. 'Thou shalt not be afraid—'"

Wayne leaped to him, for the eyes had opened.

"Mowbray, old man," he said gently.

"Wayne, Wayne!" The lips hardly moved, but it was Mowbray's own voice.

"You've come!" he groped feebly, and Wayne clasped his hand.

"Thank God—you've come—to save me—the terror by night—the promise—"

"All right, old man. Sleep now."

"Jackson?" The question was forced, quivering from the lips.

"Jackson is buried—and at peace."

"Peace—at peace." The balm of the word passed into the tormented spirit. We heard it in the voice as Mowbray, raising himself on his elbow, spoke clearly:

"The promise has been kept. 'Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night (the voice shivered for a moment, but went on firmly). . . . For He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. . . . In all thy ways.'"

The calm eyes looked about at the awed and rigid group. "Good-night, boys."

Doc Whiting, speechless and blinded, tiptoed around the sleeping figure and wrung Wayne's hand.



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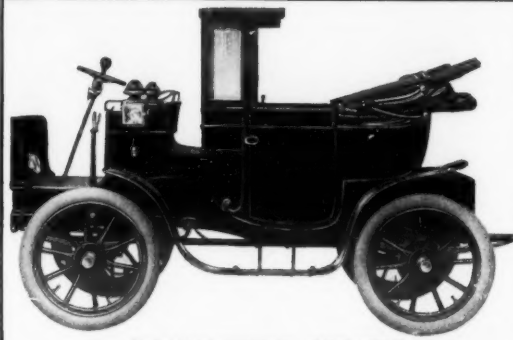
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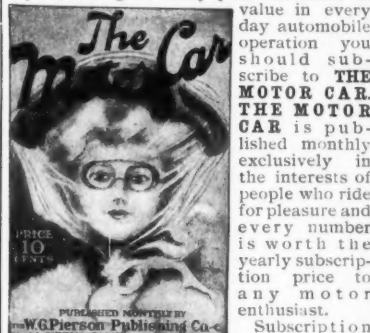
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## THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

THE income tax is Democratic doctrine. Both in 1896 and in 1900 the National Democratic platform advocated it. Meantime, the Republican Party was silent. Down to the present, no Republican National platform has pronounced in favor of an income tax; and Republican leaders have treated it as one of the Populistic heresies of the Democratic propaganda.

Now comes Theodore Roosevelt and informs Congress that, in his judgment, "when next our system of taxation is revised, the National Government should impose a graduated inheritance tax, and if possible a graduated income tax."

### To Leech Swollen Fortunes

"I FEEL," says Mr. Roosevelt, "that in the near future our National legislators should enact a law providing for a graduated inheritance tax by which a steadily increasing rate of duty should be put upon all moneys or other valuables coming by gift, bequest, or devise to any individual or corporation. It may be well to make the tax heavy in proportion as the individual benefited is remote of kin. In any event, in my judgment the pro rata of the tax should increase very heavily with the increase of the amount left to any one individual after a certain point has been reached. It is most desirable to encourage thrift and ambition, and a potent source of thrift and ambition is the desire on the part of the breadwinner to leave his children well off. This object can be obtained by making the tax very small on moderate amounts of property left; because the prime object should be to put a constantly increasing burden on the inheritance of those swollen fortunes which it is certainly of no benefit to the country to perpetuate."

### An Income Tax Advocated

BECAUSE of the unreversed decision of the United States Supreme Court the reference to an income tax is more general in terms. Such a tax, we are told, "stands on an entirely different footing from an inheritance tax; because it involves no question of the perpetuation of fortunes swollen to an unhealthy size. The question is in its essence a question of the proper adjustment of burdens to benefits. As the law now stands it is undoubtedly difficult to devise a national income tax which shall be constitutional. But whether it is absolutely impossible is another question; and if possible it is most certainly desirable."

### More Federal Control of Corporations

UNTIL the Railroad Rate law, the Pure Food statute, and the Meat Inspection act have been in operation for "a number of months," the President would not advise increasing their scope, although he does recommend that, as regards the meat inspection industry, Congress should require the dates to be put on the cans and the cost of inspection to be borne by the packers. Eventually, he says, there must be greater control of corporations which do interstate business—a Federal license is tentatively suggested. To Senator Foraker, who recently declared that the country had gone as far as it will go in the matter of "Populistic legislation," the President throws down the gauntlet in this fashion:

"It must not be supposed, however, that with the passage of these laws" (above enumerated) "it will be possible to stop progress along the line of increasing the power of the National Government over the use of capital in interstate commerce. For example, there will ultimately be need of enlarging the power of the Interstate Commerce Commission along several different lines, so as to give it a larger and more efficient control over the railroads."

### Scolding San Francisco

TO the American citizen—particularly to him who lives in San Francisco—is addressed a forceful preaching on International Morality. "Not only must we treat all nations fairly, but we must treat with justice and good will all immigrants who come here under the law. . . . It is the sure mark of a low civilization, a low morality, to abuse or discriminate against or in any way humiliate such stranger who has come here lawfully and who is conducting himself properly."

"I am prompted to say this," emphasizes the President, "by the attitude of hostility here and there assumed toward the Japanese in this country." Mr. Roosevelt refers specifically to the action of the San Francisco school authorities, and adds: "To shut them out from the public schools is a wicked absurdity, when there are no first-class colleges in the land, including the colleges and universities of California, which do not gladly welcome Japanese students and on which Japanese students do not reflect credit. We have as much to learn from Japan as Japan has to learn from us; and no nation is fit to teach unless it is also willing to learn."

### The Roosevelt Guaranty of Peace

THE President does not advocate the building of the greatest navy in the world. "I do not ask that we continue to increase our navy. I ask merely that it be maintained at its present strength; and this can be done only if we replace the obsolete and outworn ships by new and good ones, the equals of any afloat."

### Regulating Divorces from Washington

THE President does not balk at constitutional amendments. To him every reform which affects the public good is worth trying for, no matter what laborious process it involves. And so he attacks the question of marriage and divorce with characteristic directness. "The wide differences in the laws of different States on the subject" (marriage and divorce) "result in scandals and abuses; and surely there is nothing so vitally essential to the welfare of the nation . . . as the home life of the average citizen." He recognizes the difficulty, nowadays, in amending the Constitution. "Nevertheless," he concludes, "in my judgment the whole question of marriage and divorce should be relegated to the authority of the National Congress."

### Reform the Currency, for the Farmers

CURRENCY revision must come in the "near future," in the President's opinion. He advises Congress that "this question concerns business men generally quite as much as bankers; especially is this true of stockmen, farmers, and business men of the West." And he insists that a measure should be drawn from the standpoints of the farmer and merchant, no less than from the standpoints of the city banker and the country banker; in other words, that Wall Street be not permitted to reform the currency to suit its own purposes.

### An Echo of the Slanderbund

THE Hearst and Moran campaigns doubtless prompted the following passage: "In dealing with both labor and capital . . . there is one matter more important to remember than aught else, and that is the infinite harm done by preachers of mere discontent. These are the men who seek to excite a violent class hatred against all men of wealth. They seek to turn wise and proper movements for the better control of corporations and for doing away with the abuses connected with wealth into a campaign of hysterical excitement and falsehood in which the aim is to inflame to madness the brutal passions of mankind. The plain people who think—the mechanics, farmers, merchants, workers with head or hand, the men to whom American traditions are dear, who love their country and try to act decently by their neighbors—owe it to themselves to remember that the most damaging blow that can be given popular government is to elect an unworthy agitator on a platform of violence and hypocrisy."



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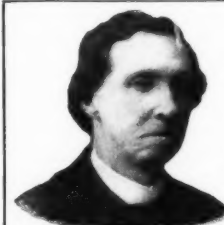
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## THE PRESIDENT SEES THE CANAL

(Continued from page 20)

The President of the United States questioning a black West Indian laborer was as polite as he was to a division engineer, but equally as insistent with his "But what I want to know is—" (There are some men on the Isthmus, I think, who will hear this expression in their dreams.) To the problem of yams he turned with the same concentration that he would to making peace between Russia and Japan, or the taxation of great fortunes. And yams are really a great problem. Even as by dint of oatmeal the Scotch cultivated literature, so by dint of yams our Isthmian labor builds tracks and dumps the cars and digs locomotives out of the mud. It is the rice of the Jamaican's Orient, the black bread of his Russia, the potato of his Ireland.

When one of the negroes that gathered around the President complained that he could not get good yams from the commissary, the Man from Cook's (one of them representing the commissary) explained that when they were bad the purchaser need not take them. The negro insisted that the clerk at the commissary who threw them at him gave him no option.

"We will go to the commissary and see the yams," said the President. Those in stock had some spots, but when opened, the meat was good. The Jamaican clerk insisted that yams found bad might be returned.

"Have you ever tried to return the bad ones?" the President asked the negro.

"No, sir," was the answer.

"Why not?" the President pursued.

"I would not stoop to do such a thing," was the florid and dignified ultimatum.

Everybody laughed except the President. This foolish response did not finish the subject for him. He went into it again the next day at the commissary at Colon. Now he had the complaint that the yams were insufficient in quantity and the commissary charged a higher price than the Chinese dealers. There were many explanations, and still he stuck to his point that what he wanted to know was why the United States could not sell yams as cheap as the Chinese dealers. There were observers of the Presidential method of questioning who remarked that the head of a nation who would go so thoroughly into the problem of yams might sift any other subject to the bottom. So all Government employees please make a note.

Besides the alien engineers, clerks, laborers, and foremen in the Zone, there is a native population, white, brown, black, and yellow, tintured by the blood of many generations of traffic across the great world's highway from the Spanish Conquest to the present. These were not overlooked in this age of Taft. Our schoolmaster and schoolmaster who accompanied the rifle and a soldier's strange oaths to the Philippines, accompanied the steam shovel and the steam shovel man's strange oaths to the Isthmus. Their pupils shared with the Breaking of the Precedent the valuable hours of the President's initial day ashore.

On his first trip across the Isthmus his train was stopped at nearly every station, where, in front of the public school, the children sang "My Country, 'tis of Thee," without showing any weakness when they came to the "Land which my fathers trod." Little Victoria Regina, at Matichin, was not late, I am sure, because the land her fathers trod was British Jamaica, but all on account of the enormous hat with huge yellow flowers which fell down over her eyes and made her stumble. However, she arrived for the last stanza, which she sang with the whites of her eyes growing bright through her tears in surprise to find that the Great Man was in a duck suit instead of an armor of gold.

That enterprising schoolmaster at Gatun caught us returning on the last day as well as going on the first. He was as black as night—blackier than any night I have ever seen—with heavy, shining, gold-rimmed spectacles. As the President left the train, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," was begun and after the song the schoolmaster presented an address in a legal envelope addressed to the President of the United States in ornate lettering.

"This is hardly germane at this time," remarked an academic member of the party, although the President smiled as graciously as if he had been presented with a degree from a university.

We all understood what the academic member meant, however, for we had come to the most interesting point of the Presidential journey. Ascending a hill near the station, the President was to look out over the site of the gigantic Gatun dam, which will turn the waters of the Chagres into an inland lake. With him at the time the schoolmaster was not "germane" was Division Engineer Maltby, impatient, with a big blue-print under his arm, and Engineer Joseph Ripley, who has charge of building the locks.

Three locks of such height in flight are without precedent. On the Pacific site the locks are separated into flights of two and one. Here we have put all our eggs in one basket. Engineering opinion the world over is skeptical. The country is depending on the President, while he is depending on quiet Mr. Ripley, late chief engineer of the "Soo" Canal. When the President and he were bending over the blue-print we had the sum of the authority for the one engineering feature of this great work whose success will confound all critics and make it a triumph of American skill and daring beside which the sea-level ditch at Suez is as commonplace as a dumb-waiter beside an electric elevator.

This visit to the Gatun dam site was in nowise theatrical. It was significant. It made you thoughtful. The theatrical moment was when the President passed through Culebra Cut, where there is "something to see"; where there is no risk and no problem except that of excavation. The builder of the Pyramids could have dug out the great cut if he had enough slaves and had kept them busy long enough with baskets; but an ancient Egyptian would have been compelled to wait till the present mechanical age for the locks.

Steam shovel men who have been used to railroad cuts where results are soon evident, say that working on Culebra is like emptying a tank with a thimble. The headway you make is scarcely noticeable from month to month. On one side of the walls two days before the President's arrival twenty tons of dynamite had been exploded. The size of the background made the landslide of rock seem small. But one who goes away for six months can not fail to note on his return how the cut has grown; and the steam shovels at work told the story for the President.

In three days he had seen the length of the line of the Canal, the methods of work and the men on the job. To them he had brought fresh spirit and a pride in their association with such a mighty work. This alone had made his visit worth while. He likened them to the men who had fought in the Civil War. They had a hard job—as he told a little group of employees of all classes who gathered around him in the rain on the site of the locks—but he had never known of a job worth while that was not hard.

There are times when every citizen has differences with Theodore Roosevelt. But when you see him at close range for three days in the pouring rain on the battle-line, you can not help being for him. He impressed the Panamans, who are of an alien way of thinking, as well as his own people. For he understood them as he understood the engineers thinking only of excavation, the doctors thinking only of sanitation, and all the different elements of effort working each in its own groove and overlooking the importance of the others. He brought them together. They want him to come again, and Mrs. Roosevelt, too. He grasped features of the Isthmian problem which were vague and distant to him before. This means much to the Canal if Congress will leave him to go on with the work with full authority, and that Congress will was the hope of every one of the group, weary and wet, who had followed the bespattered duck suit, after he had gone aboard the *Louisiana*, whose lights were soon vanishing across the roadstead around which she and her sister battleships draw the circle of defense of the little sister republic and the great work which is one with the honor of the nation.

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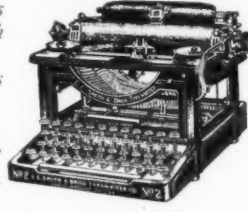
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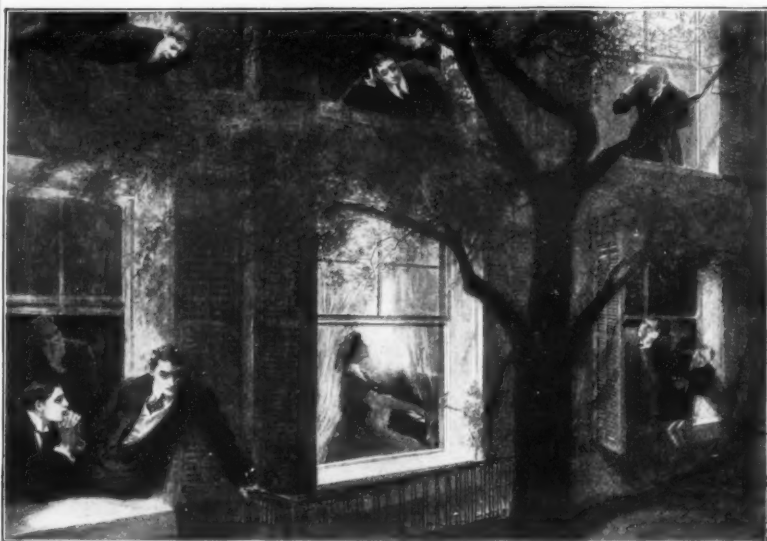
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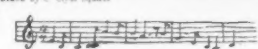
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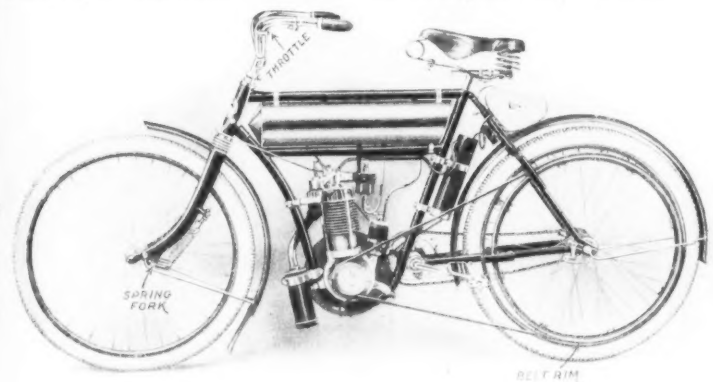
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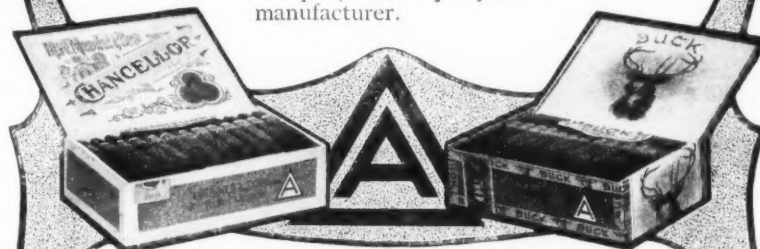
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